

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 9, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS

THE HAPPY MOODS
OF FOOTBALL



VICTORY IN DALLAS



Why Ernie Klack is taking Carter's new knitted boxer shorts to Trinidad

Ernie is taking Carter's *knitted* boxer shorts to Trinidad because Trinidad is where he's going on his vacation. And he wouldn't dream of going anywhere without the superb comfort and dashing smartness of these new knitted boxers.

Besides, Irma, his ever-lovin', insists he wear Carter's *knitted* shorts because they never need ironing. (Who wants to do ironing in Trinidad, asks she?) Take a tip from Ernie Travel in comfort in Carter's cotton knit boxer shorts. Bon Voyage!

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

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a superb stereo AM-FM radio or stereo tape player for extra listening pleasure.

The TV, left, is *The Montgomery*—has superb RCA Victor black-and-white picture TV. With 3 speakers, it doubles as the second stereo speaker system when you want room-wide sound separation. Both consoles are available in 3 matched fine-furniture finishes.

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Nationally advertised list prices shown, national with dealer. Slightly higher for West, South, Gulf TV area. Price, specifications subject to change without notice. RCA, trademark for record players.



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Cover: Dallas Frazier ▶

The football player and the pretty girl on this week's cover are symbols of modern U.S. college campus society. They are Blair Quarterback Bobby Lankford and his wife Judy of the University of Texas.

Photograph by Marvin E. Kornman

Next week



► Speeding to the end of the 1959 season, U.S. amateur sports car drivers will decide divisional championships at Daytona's last new speedway. A report on the contenders.

► The camera boom is a boon to sports lovers. A review of what's new and electrifying on the market today, and how to use the latest gadget to increase your camera power.

► Peter Matthiessen's account of the decline of U.S. wildlife and of efforts to save it, held out of the Nov. 2 issue to make way for Yellowstone, will appear next week.

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MEMO from the publisher

ACCORDING TO Beaumont Newhall, director of the George Eastman House of Photography, "You can't go anywhere on a vacation these days without a camera. You're not considered well-dressed unless you have one draped around your neck."

The mere fact, therefore, that Fred R. Smith is *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Associate Editor in charge of the Sporting Look might seem sufficient background for him to write a major report on new photographic equipment.

But actually, Fred has written extensively on all kinds of new products that help Americans enhance their off-duty hours, for example, swimming pools (SI, April 29, '67) and private planes (SI, Aug. 25, '68). And as a graduate himself of the school of camera acquisition, from box camera to twin-lens reflex and 35 mm., he shares next week with his fellow amateurs the discoveries of a year's research on the photographic industry's comparing of new stepping stones to picture-making excellence. (The biggest problem on the project, according to Fred, was that "every time we found something really new, another manufacturer had made it obsolete a week later.")

For the amateur who wants simplification, there are now "fully-automatic" cameras with electric eyes that suggest the good old days of "you push the button, we do the rest." However, gone forever are the bad old rules about keeping the sun over your right shoulder while you tell Junior not to move. Now you can shoot Junior in the ninth-inning shadows around home plate and then shoot him again in the sunshine at

third (if he gets that far)—the camera will set itself for proper exposure.

On the other hand, if you feel that the effort of getting the picture is at least half the fun, there are hundreds of new and complicated devices for you to experiment with: new films,



CAMERA ENTHUSIAST FRED R. SMITH

meter, a still-camera adaptation of TV's zoom lens and an electronic flash unit you can carry in your pocket. You will find drawings and explanations of the twin-lens reflex, the single-lens reflex, and the 35-mm. rangefinder camera, plus discussions of subminiatures, stereo, press cameras, modern movie outfits.

In short, if you have a camera fan on your Christmas list I would suggest waiting until you have seen our issue of November 16—or you might just want to pass it along as an enclosure in your annual solicitation to the old gentlemen at the North Pole.

Arthur Murphy

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THE QUESTION: Which was the greatest race horse of all time?



**WILLIE
BIRDMAKER**
Jockey
Arden, Calif.

From the record, I would have to pick Man o' War. Most of the oldtimers I've talked with agree Red was in a class by himself in those bygone days. But of the many great horses I have seen and ridden, Seaplane is by far the greatest.



HARRY M. STEVENS
Coltner
of sports stadiums

I have seen all the great horses from Man o' War's time until now. I say that Arden was the greatest. He could do anything better than any other horse, regardless of distance. If he were running today he'd be the biggest money winner of all.



**ISMAEL
VALENZUELA**
Jockey
Los Angeles

Ever since I was a little boy the experts have said Man o' War was the greatest. I'm only a jockey who tries hard to win. You see, in training, the thing is to know what the best I myself see are Native Dancer, Round Table and Tom Fool.

continued



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NOTEBOOK



ARNY HELGE

*Director, Bermuda
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I would rather venture an opinion about the greatest horse I have ever seen, Chateau. He was top-notch at any speed. He could run all distances over all kinds of tracks. Like Sam Seneff, who can quit for a year and still be a great golfer, Chateau could lay off a year and come back a champion.



FRANK G. RAND JR.

*Executive, Great South
Fields P., N. Y.*

Judging from all I've read and the experts I've talked with, I would have to give Max a "W." But that's not my choice because I haven't talked with the experts; experts who have seen horses like Rides, the great Italian race horse. Rides was never beaten. He came in among the greatest.



MARSHALL CASSIDY

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The American horse, Phar Lap. In his only North American race I saw Phar Lap do what I have never seen any other horse do. He stood rigid at the starting gate until the field was 18 lengths ahead of him. After making up 12 lengths, he cracked off his outside and ran away with the race.



SAMMY BENICK

*Executive
N.Y.-E.P.R.*

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BILL KNAPP
*Knickerbocker and
racing official
New York City*

In my opinion the greatest of them all was Man o' War. I rode Upset when he beat Man o' War, the only time Big Red was linked. I laid a trap for him as he came up on the inside and I put him in a pocket. The rules looked that today. If I had let him out all the protest he would have won by six lengths.



**PETE (The Clock)
ANDERSON**
*Jockey
Flushing, N.Y.*

You can go by the records or you can judge by the horses you've seen on the track. The best horse I ever saw was Tom Fool. But when you look at the records and see where Man o' War was 28 out of 21 starts and the race he lost was a shake, how can you say that Tom Fool was the greatest?



BILL BOLAND
*Jockey
Valley Stream, N.Y.*

Citation, Tom Fool, Swaps, Round Table and Native Dancer are as good as any I've seen. But the obvious loser Man o' War was the greatest. Maybe he was, but I'm not so sure he'd have beaten any of these five in a race. In any case, it would be a nip-and-tuck race right down to the finish line.



**HARRY F.
GUGGENHEIM**
*Owner, Union-Mary Stable
Sands Point, N.Y.*

I'm not smart enough to name the greatest horse. If you asked who was our greatest President you would get different answers. That's because you can't compare people out of their time. Neither can you judge horses out of their time. Suppose I named the greatest money winner? So what is money worth today?

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- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 10 NY at Phil | 20 Syr at Bos |
| Bos vs Det | StL at Phil |
| at StL | Det at Minn |
| Minn at StL | 21 Bos at NY |
| 11 Cin at Bos | Det at StL |
| Phil at Bos | Phil at Syr |
| 12 Minn vs Bos | Minn at Cin |
| at NY | 23 Syr at Phil |
| Syr at NY | StL at Ure |
| Phil at Cin | NY at Det |
| 14 StL at Bos | 24 Cin vs Det |
| Minn at Phil | at NY |
| NY at Syr | Syr at NY |
| Cin at Det | 25 Phil at Bos |
| 16 Det at NY | Syr at Minn |
| Bos at Cin | StL at Det |
| Phil at Minn | 26 Bos at Phil |
| 17 Bos at Det | Minn at Cin |
| Cin vs Syr | Syr at StL |
| at NY | 28 Det at Bos |
| StL at NY | Phil at NY |
| 18 NY at Minn | Syr at Cin |
| Bos at Syr | Minn at StL |
| Det vs Cin | 29 NY at Phil |
| at Ind | Bos at Minn |
| 19 NY at Cin | |

DECEMBER

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1 StL vs Syr | Cin at StL |
| at NY | Phil at Syr |
| Minn at NY | 16 Cin vs Phil |
| 2 Cin vs NY | at NY |
| at Syr | StL at NY |
| StL at Syr | 18 NY at Syr |
| 3 Cin vs Bos | StL at Det |
| at Phil | Phil at Cin |
| Minn at Phil | 19 StL at Minn |
| 4 Syr at Bos | 20 NY at Bos |
| Phil vs StL | Minn at Cin |
| at Det | Syr at Det |
| Minn at Det | Phil at StL |
| 5 Det at NY | 26 Cin at NY |
| Minn at Syr | Bos at Syr |
| Phil at StL | Phil at Minn |
| 6 StL at Cin | Det at StL |
| Bos at Minn | 27 NY vs Cin |
| Det at Phil | at Det |
| 7 StL vs Cin | Bos at Det |
| at NY | 29 Bos at NY |
| Bos at NY | Minn at StL |
| Minn vs Syr | Det at Cin |
| at Portland, | Syr at Phil |
| Ure | 28 NY at Phil |
| 8 Det vs Cin | StL at Syr |
| at Bos | Minn at Det |
| NY at Bos | 27 Bos at Cin |
| Syr vs Minn | Det at Minn |
| at SF | 29 Minn at Bos |
| 9 Det vs StL | Phil vs Cin |
| at Phil | at StL |
| Cin at Phil | Syr at StL |
| 11 StL at Bos | Syr at Cin |
| Syr at NY | Bos at StL |
| 12 Bos at Phil | Det vs NY |
| Cin at Minn | at Phil |
| Det vs Syr | Minn at Phil |
| at Rich | 31 Minn at NY |
| 13 NY at Det | |

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FOOTBALL'S 7TH WEEK

by NERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

While Yale, upset by Dartmouth 12-6, and Penn, shocked by Harvard 12-0, had their Ivy League hopes crushed a mere page 47, and Army was hard pressed to escape with a 13-12 tie with Air Force (see page 47), unbeaten Syracuse and Penn were continued to rack heading toward their momentous date next Saturday.

Intent on proving that it is indeed the team in the East, if not the nation, Syracuse turned back its accurate power to bury



BACK OF THE WEEK LSU's Reda Khan went off like a fire bomb—and here he is, exploding for 89-yard run of the year en route to beat Mississippi 7-3.

poor Fla 33-0. The orange-and-black gapping holes for Backs Gerhard Schroeder, Kewie Hays and Art Haler and nose locked the door on defense, holding the Panthers in minus-six yards rushing. But fourth-string fullback Don Harkinsley supplied the biggest thrill when he grabbed a 150-yard run for 100 yards for Syracuse's last touchdowns.

Meanwhile, Princeton got down suddenly nearbreakers. Brown 2-0 to move up to take the Ivy lead with Yale and Penn. Tailback Don Sachs, hale and hearty for a change, sent the Tigers ahead with a third-quarter 18-yard spurt, but it took a determined goal-line stand in the closing minutes to hold off Fullback Paul Chappette and the orange-and-black.

In other games, Cornell scored late by overthrowing Columbia 13-7; Holy Cross defeated Virginia 14-13; undefeated Delaware clubbed Rutgers 24-14. The top three:

- 1. SYRACUSE 10-0
- 2. PENN STATE 17-0
- 3. ARMY 10-4

THE SOUTH

The big news in the South, naturally, came from Baton Rouge, where another

LSU squiggle put Mississippi 7-3 (see page 10) to hold its No. 1 ranking. But their other rivals in the Southern Inter-Conference were still hospital and nursing.

Tennessee, preparing for the next shut-out LSU, ran over North Carolina 29-7 as sub Tailback Gene Litter gave LSU's season an oyster. Gene gained 594 yards, completed six of eight passes for 90 yards and one touchdown, scored another and kicked a 21-yard field goal.

Deceived by one SEC coach a "A, Joe Laine-type team," they stalk you, wait you over and you're dead," conservative Auburn scored its big win for the third quarter, when Fullback Lamar Brown, on his best running afternoon, scored from the one-yard line to beat Florida 9-0.

Once-beaten Georgia, starting for promotion despite its position on the board of the conference, outplayed Florida State 42-0 for its sixth victory. Three touchdowns passed in Quarterback Paul Thornton made it easy for the Bulldogs.

Duke sought Georgia's first drawing of a bowl bid and shook up the Engineers with a 30-7 upset. Sophomore Joel Arlington provided the first eye- opener when he raved 83 yards for a touchdown, and Art (Ace) Browning, fast becoming an old hand at this sort of thing, net it all with a 26-yard field goal.

Penn State made the 26-yard and came away with an underdog 26-20 triumph over much-battered Wake Forest. Quarterback Richie Lucas, knocked out early with a concussion, turned the offense over to star Stefan Hall, who expertly guided the Nittany Lions to their seventh straight.

7TH WEEK LEADERS

(BY 1-14-50)

TEAM	W	L	T	PTS	YDS	AVG
Ed Kassar, Charleston	10	0	0	72		
Nolan Brown, Syracuse	7	1	0	69		
Donnie Atkins, N. Minn. State	10	0	0	65		
DEFENSE						
Tom Watkins, Iowa State	10	0	0	51		
Patricia Adams, N. Minn. St.	10	0	0	51		
Donnie Atkins, Iowa State	10	0	0	51		
OFFENSE						
Don Watkins, Stanford	10	0	0	273		
Patricia Adams, N. Minn. St.	10	0	0	273		
Donnie Atkins, Iowa St.	10	0	0	273		
TOTAL DEFENSE						
Don Watkins, Stanford	10	0	0	1,399		
Patricia Adams, N. Minn. St.	10	0	0	1,399		
Donnie Atkins, Iowa St.	10	0	0	1,399		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE						
Syracuse	10	0	0	594		
Iowa	10	0	0	594		
North Texas State	10	0	0	594		
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE						
Syracuse	10	0	0	51		
Iowa	10	0	0	51		
Mississippi	10	0	0	51		

South Carolina threw only four passes but two were good for touchdowns and the Gamecocks beat Maryland 22-0. Wyoming's Skyline Conference leaders defeated North Carolina State 26-0 as Jim Walden's running and passing: The Citadel's accurate Paul Mauerer scored two touchdowns passes and three runs to get the Southern Conference leaders past William and Mary 24-13; Kentucky, ruled by Cal Bird's two long scoring runs, shocked Miami 22-0. The top three:

- 1. LSU 10-0
- 2. MICHIGAN 10-0
- 3. ARMY 10-4

THE MIDWEST

For 10 years, beaten Oklahoma had miserably cut down its Big Eight rivals,



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK "Huggy" star Ed Kassar, center guard and line-backer, was in on 26 tackles, helped inspired third against strong Florida 7-7.

wrecking 22 times in all, passing only for a 13-12 tie with Kansas in 1947 and a 21-21 tie with Colorado in 1952. But, last Saturday, Coach Paul Williams' bubble burst. Nebraska, a four-time loser, caught the Sooners with their defense dragging. The Cornhuskers got lost ahead on Ken Mason's 22- and Stuart Field's goal and Harry Tully's touchdown passes in a 26-21 for Coach R.E. Henson, who learned his football at Oklahoma as a player and assistant to Williams. And to make matters worse, Kansas beat Iowa State 7-0 to tie the Sooners for the Big Eight lead.

The Big Ten, sitting down after a narrow start, began to look more and more like a two-team race. Unbeaten Northwestern made the most of a "brother" with Indiana in two wins over Han. Horn. The sixth fullback responded with two touchdowns and the Wolverine won 20-13.

Wisconsin, only a game behind Northwestern and looking ahead to Saturday's finale with the leaders, halfbacked Black Hawk to death, intercepting six passes, but had to fight for its life before beating the Wisconsin 19-10.

The rest of the Big Ten was playing

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Duke's Art Browning (left) kicked 28-yard field goal to beat Georgia Tech 10-7. Gale Weldon's fourth-period passes caught Missouri off balance and set up two touchdowns as Colorado overtook Tigers 21-20.

itself into oblivion. Illinois went into a seven-man line with two linemen only a half-step behind to prevent Purdue from double-teaming its ends and tackles and surprised the Boilermakers with a 7-7 tie. Ohio State's Tom Matte pitched three winning passes to outscore Michigan State 30-24, while Iowa ran over Kansas State 55-9 and Minnesota defeated Vanderbilt 20-6.

Navy's Jim Maxfield rattled Notre Dame with his passing, and the Irish had to call on End Mooty Stickle to bail them out. With 32 seconds left to play, Stickle kicked a 43-yard field goal and Notre Dame won 22-22. The top three:

1. NORTHWESTERN (10-0)
2. WASHINGTON (9-0)
3. PURDUE (9-1-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

The eyes and hands of Texas lineemen were all over SMU's Don Meredith as the Longhorns poured through to huddle the talented quarterback. Meanwhile, Quarterbacks Bobby Lacey and Mike Cotten steered the fast Texas backs through the battered SMU line to win 21-8.

TCU stuck to power football in the mud at Waco and hammered Baylor 14-0; Arkansas edged Texas A&M 12-7 on Jim Mooty's two touchdowns. The top three:

1. TEXAS (10-0)
2. TCU (7-1)
3. ARKANSAS (5-2)

THE WEST

UNC's night, beginning to wear thin, managed to survive another test. California went ahead of the Trojans in the third quarter, but the Bears couldn't hold Willie Wood, who scooted over from the seven-yard line to win for USC 14-7.

Quarterback Bob Schloredt raised Washington's Rose Bowl hopes when he panned and ran the Huskies to victory over UCLA 23-7. Oregon, too, was still in contention after trouncing Idaho 41-7.

Stanford and San Jose State met the defense back 20 years, but the Indians prevailed 34-28 on Dick Norman's passing. The top three:

1. USC (9-0)
2. WASHINGTON (9-0)
3. OREGON (8-0)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

Penn State vs. Syracuse

Bowl bets and unbeaten records will be at stake in the East's big game. Red Grange has carried Penn State this far, but the powerful Syracuse line and hard-running Halfbacks Ernie Davis and Gerhard Schweder will be too much for Nittany Lions. SYRACUSE.

Penn vs. Yale

Both were upset last week and will be asking to win. Penn's best team in years may find the warblers' KB defense too tough. YALE.

USC vs. West Virginia

West Virginia is hardly a match for the best in the West. Quarterback Willie Wood is in shape again, and USC will be ready for the Mountaineers. USC.

Stanford vs. UCLA

Stanford's Cactus Jack Curtice loves to see his team throw the ball, and he has a top-notch passer in Dick Norman. UCLA is too inconsistent. STANFORD.

Texas A&M vs. SMU

SMU's Don Meredith rushed to distinction by the Texas line last week, should have less trouble with Texas A&M. SMU.

Texas vs. Baylor

Speed, resourcefulness and sheer power have kept Texas unbeaten, and the Longhorns won't falter against mediocre Baylor. The Texas backs can run and sophomore Jack Collins is one of the best. TEXAS.

LSU vs. Tennessee

Undefeated and No. 1 in the nation, LSU always manages to score up with just enough points to win. Billy Cannon, an authentic All-American, and the efficient Tigers will wear down Tennessee. LSU.

Clemson vs. Duke

Despite Duke's upset of Georgia Tech, the Blue Devils will be outmanned by the big Clemson line and outplayed by Quarterback Harvey White. CLEMSON.

Northwestern vs. Wisconsin

Wisconsin, beaten only by Purdue, can dethrone Northwestern's Big Ten title hopes. However, speedy Halfback Ray Burton is back, and he should give those big Wisconsin line men more than they can handle. NORTHWESTERN.

Purdue vs. Michigan State

Purdue, with Fullback Bob James supplying the punch, will bounce back from that Illinois tie to remain alive in the Big Ten race. State takes the depth. PURDUE.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
2 CORNELL 1 WISCONSIN 1 TCU
2 OREGON 1 OREGON 1 TCU



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COMING EVENTS

November 6 to November 12

All times are E.S.T.

• Color television • Television • News and notes

Friday, November 5

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR 1000 A. Appledown raceway, Northham, Pa.
4 p.m. to 7 p.m. E.S.T.
- BOXING**
1. Holman vs. Frazier, 10 rounds, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
2. N.Y. vs. N.Y. 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
- CRICKET**
1. India vs. Australia, 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
- HOCKEY SHOW**
National Hockey League, Madison Square Garden, New York, 7 p.m.

Saturday, November 7

- BASKETBALL** (10 p.m.)
1. Cleveland vs. Detroit, Cleveland, Ohio.
2. Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, Pa.
3. Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, Pa.
- FIELD HOCKEY**
N.Y. vs. Canada, Madison Square Garden, New York, 7 p.m.
- FOOTBALL** (1 p.m.)
1. N.Y. Giants vs. Washington Redskins, New York, N.Y.
2. Baltimore Colts vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Baltimore, Md.
3. Dallas Cowboys vs. New York Jets, Dallas, Tex.
4. Houston Oilers vs. Cleveland Browns, Houston, Tex.
5. Kansas City Chiefs vs. Oakland Raiders, Kansas City, Mo.
6. Minnesota Vikings vs. New Orleans Saints, Minneapolis, Minn.
7. St. Louis Cardinals vs. St. Louis Cardinals, St. Louis, Mo.
8. Tampa Bay Buccaneers vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Tampa, Fla.
- HOCKEY RACING**
1. Canada vs. U.S., 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
2. Canada vs. U.S., 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
- HUNT AND FISHING**
The Great Hunt, 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.

Sunday, November 8

- BASKETBALL** (10 p.m.)
1. Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston, Mass.
2. Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- FOOTBALL** (1 p.m.)
1. Baltimore Colts vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Baltimore, Md.
2. Dallas Cowboys vs. New York Jets, Dallas, Tex.
3. Houston Oilers vs. Cleveland Browns, Houston, Tex.
4. Kansas City Chiefs vs. Oakland Raiders, Kansas City, Mo.
5. Minnesota Vikings vs. New Orleans Saints, Minneapolis, Minn.
6. St. Louis Cardinals vs. St. Louis Cardinals, St. Louis, Mo.
7. Tampa Bay Buccaneers vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Tampa, Fla.
- HOCKEY**
1. Canada vs. U.S., 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.

Monday, November 9

- FIELD HOCKEY**
U.S. vs. Canada, Madison Square Garden, New York, 7 p.m.

Tuesday, November 10

- HOCKEY RACING** (10 p.m.)
1. Canada vs. U.S., 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.

Wednesday, November 11

- BOXING**
1. Holman vs. Frazier, 10 rounds, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.
- HOCKEY RACING**
1. Canada vs. U.S., 100 runs, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. E.S.T.

Thursday, November 12

- BASKETBALL** (10 p.m.)
1. Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston, Mass.
2. Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*See page 10 for more.



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SWORD DANCER PROVES HIS POINT

As if to silence any last doubters, the Horse of the Year won the race of the year by an smashing seven lengths over Round Table

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE MARK of the champion is the ability to combine obviously superior performance under the most demanding conditions with an ever-so-care quality of personality that endears one man, or one animal, in 10,000 to those who have the privilege of watching him in action.

Sword Dancer is such a rare creature—one in 10,000, maybe one in 100,000. When this beautiful 3-year-old chestnut with the gleaming white forefeet won last week's two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup by an utterly convincing seven lengths over Round Table to sail down the title of Horse of the Year—a title which he had already claimed convincingly with his victory in the Woodward Stakes (54, Oct. 5)—he elevated himself in both performance and popularity to the same lofty pedestal from which, in years gone by, other American champions, like Whirlaway and Citation and Nashua, have looked proudly down on row after row of thoroughly beaten rivals.

Sword Dancer won the decisive Gold Cup with far greater ease and

ecstasy than he displayed in his desperate do-or-die effort in taking the measure of Hillsdale and Round Table in the Woodward. Then he had to come between horses and the rail and survive a grueling drive down the stretch; this time he charged from third to first in one crushing spurt around the far turn and swept away from the field to win easily by a regal seven lengths. He won the way champions are supposed to. His tentative hold on the title of Horse of the Year was being challenged by the greatest money-winning horse of all time. For weeks before Gold Cup day the question was argued: could the 3-year-old Sword Dancer beat the 5-year-old Round Table again? Would the longer, two-mile distance help or hurt the younger horse?

Sword Dancer, with Jockey Eddie Arcaro up, stepped briskly into the Aqueduct paddock absolutely as fit as could be, to the pleased satisfaction of his owner, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Bloome, and his trainer, the popular young Elliott Furch (who nonetheless was tense with anticipation).

Then Sword Dancer and Arcaro went the rest of the way on their own.

In the rings of the racetrack, they win it big. In fact, they murdered Round Table and Tudor Era and the five other older runners. The last half mile of the contest turned into a rout instead of a horse race.

The battle plan devised by Furch and Arcaro was to lay off the pacer for at least the first mile of this long grind. There seemed little doubt that Bill Hartack would take Tudor Era to the front at the start. "Tudor Era has speed," said Arcaro, "and everyone knows he can go a mile and a half any time. Give this sort of a horse his own way under a front-running jockey like Hartack and he could be dangerous."

Hartack, as expected, broke on top and within a half mile was four lengths to the good of Round Table, while behind the Table were the long-shot Anisade and Sword Dancer. The four other starters—Inside Tract, Dotted Line, Amasullah and Promised Land—started behind the first quartet, and finished behind them.

As the field passed the stands the first time it was still Tudor Era in the lead. Arcaro had Sword Dancer running "real relaxed," Paul Bailey—a last-second choice to ride Round Table—later protested that his horse was laboring every step of the way as though he didn't like the going much. Like it or not, this day was never destined to be Round Table's. And Arcaro made doubly sure. "I made up my mind," said the Master later, "to make Round Table get to running leaving the three-quarter pole."

When Eddie clucked to his easy-going chestnut on the backstretch the second time around, Sword Dancer moved smoothly but with devastating effectiveness. Round Table was going after Tudor Era, but Arcaro went after both of them. Going into the far turn he swept past Round Table, and Hartack on Tudor Era knew what was coming next. In a flash Sword Dancer ranged alongside

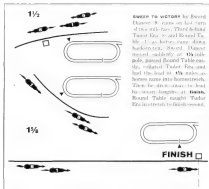
continued

COLOR OF THE WEEK: HORSE OF THE YEAR

Bounding ahead on a frisky, dark day at Aqueduct race track, Brookmade Stable's Sword Dancer, under Jockey Eddie Arcaro, begins to pull away down the stretch on his way to a decisive seven-

length victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Tudor Era, who led most of the way, is beaten. His jockey, Bill Hartack, looks back to see if he can hold off the oncoming Round Table and save second place.

Photograph by My Photos



SWEET TO VICTORY by Sword Dancer—He runs on last turn of two-mile race. Third & last Tudor Kite (2) and Round Table (1) as horses come down backstretch. Sword Dancer moved suddenly on the inside pole, passed Round Table easily, edged Tudor Kite and had the lead at the take-up. As horses came into homestretch, then he drew out to lead by many lengths at finish. Round Table caught Tudor Kite in stretch to finish second.

SWORD DANCER continued

Tudor Kite and then skinned for him. "When I hooked the leader," said Arcaro, "he came up empty and I knew then I was home free."

Home free he was, too, for as Hartack looked apprehensively behind him to see what in the world had happened to Round Table (who did get up to take second place from him by a length and a quarter) Sword Dancer was pulling away almost effortlessly toward the finish line and a post of \$70,000. As he drew closer to the wire he was greeted by the sort of thunderous applause that New York's knowing audience reserves only for the great—and at race tracks usually only for the great who happen to be ridden by Eddie Arcaro.

This Gold Cup victory, which happened to be Arcaro's eighth, was something special. When Mrs. Sloane buckled down to the winner's circle to greet her winning team, she turned to Trainer Burch and exclaimed of Sword Dancer, "He's a dear little fellow."

"He certainly is," replied Burch, still shaking like a guy stuck in a Vic Tanny vibrator, "but I'm awfully glad he's retired for the year." Mrs. Sloane reached out to pump Arcaro's mud-crusted hand and asked, "What do you think of him now?"

"What do I think of him?" said

Eddie. "He isn't a good horse; he's a great one. He does things that only champions do—like rate when you want him to, and move when you have to. If you were all scared that Hartack was going to steal it on Tudor Kite, you shouldn't have been. Nobody steals a two-mile race like this against a horse like Sword Dancer. The only way you win a Gold Cup is to deserve it. And nobody deserved it more today."

NOY TROUBLE

The most intriguing aspect of the 41st Jockey Club Gold Cup—aside from the disappointing performance of Round Table, who gave Sword Dancer no trouble at all—was the pre-race question of which jockey was going to ride The Table in a race which Owner Travis M. Kerr admittedly felt was just about the most important in his horse's fabulous career. The confusion was not only awkward but unnecessary.

It all started when Kerr and Trainer Willie Molter felt they had a pretty sure rider in Willie Shoemaker, who had been Round Table's regular jockey. But Shoemaker, as everyone else around the race track seems to have known, had given a promise to C. V. Whitney to ride Tompion in the Garden State in New Jersey on the same day as the Gold Cup. For some reason—which even

Kerr cannot explain—the Round Table camp felt so sure that Shoemaker would be aboard their horse and not Tompion that until the eleventh hour they had failed to find a substitute. And while Shoemaker and his agent Harry Silbert were indeed anxious to ride Round Table—the agents don't actually ride, but their language makes you think they do—they had a ready answer a month ago for anybody interested in their October 31 plans.

"We gave first call to Mr. Whitney in the Cowdin, the Champagne and the Garden State," said Silbert. "It's true that we'd like to ride Round Table, but right is right, and if Mr. Whitney wants to hold us to our promise we'll be at Garden State on the day." Mr. Whitney, naturally, did not want Willie Shoemaker.

The significance of this widely distributed message never flashed through to Travis Kerr until the last moment, and then there was frantic struggling to find another jock. The names were all over: Henry Moreno, Willie Harmsen, and finally Bill Hartack. On the morning of the Gold Cup Kerr himself tried to talk Hartack into accepting the mount—even though Hartack was almost sure to ride Tudor Kite, Hartack said. "We had a misunderstanding in the summer of 1958 in Chicago," Bill explained later, "and even if I could get it I don't want his money that bad. I've lost respect for Mr. Kerr, and frankly I wouldn't ride that man's horse if he gave me the whole pot."

Paul Bailey finally wound up with the ride on Round Table, and he did as well with it as Shoemaker, Hartack, Harmsen or Moreno would have—or even a combination of all four of them. A tight drizzle for four hours before post time had not altered the track from fast, and both Kerr and Molter and they knew the track would not afford Round Table. Later, however, Bailey said he thought it probably had.

The real answer is that neither the jockey mixup nor the racing surface defeated Round Table. In the morning line of last Saturday's newspapers Round Table's jockey was listed as "No Boy." Well, with nothing on him that afternoon but an empty saddle he would have still been beaten—for the pure and simple reason that he was going against a real champion, Sword Dancer is one of the very, very best.

END

WARFARE WINS THE RICH ONE IN NEW JERSEY

THERE HAS BEEN a long year for horse racing, almost a dreadfully long year. In 10 months 11 races with purses of \$100,000 or more have shipped past, settling little except for a few debts here and there. For the average racing patron there were few bright moments and fewer real memories. There was no Native Dancer, no Tom Fool, no Nashua, no Swaps, no Gallant Fox, no Tim Tam.

Yet could it possibly be that Racing 1939 saved its good will until the very last? Could it be that on one dreary, wet afternoon in New York and New Jersey two runners came forth to project themselves into 1940 with their banners waving on high?

The demonstration given by Sword Dancer in the Jockey Club Gold Cup certainly makes him one of The Ones. He handicap horse to watch next season. And Warfare's win in the Garden State in New Jersey may establish this charcoal-gray son of Determiner as one of the shortest-priced Kentucky Derby favorites in years.

Warfare came east but a month ago, after a rather mild career in California, where he won only three races. His owner, Clifton Jones, thought he saw some spark in the horse, however, and hoped that Trainer Hack Ross could build a flame from it. On October 5 at Aqueduct, Jones supplemented Warfare to the Cowdin, Cost to supplement and start: \$1,500. Result: victory. Profit: \$44,195. Twelve days later Warfare was supplemented to the Champagne, the richest race ever run in New York. Cost: \$11,600. Result: victory. Profit:

\$129,195. Last week Warfare went after the Garden State, the world's richest race. Cost: \$12,000. Result: the same. Profit: \$157,845. Meanwhile, the public started taking Warfare seriously. As the race got longer the odds got shorter. In the Cowdin he was 10 to 1, in the Champagne 2 to 1 and in the Garden State 5 to 5.

Unlike the other nine Garden State starters, except Tompion, Warfare had never been over an off track, and the surface for the Garden State came up sloppy. Standing by his barn in the morning Hack Ross said, "I don't know, but he doesn't seem to me to be the type of horse that has to carry his race track around with him. When he runs he doesn't hit down hard; he sort of skims along the top of the track, and to me that means that he should like a sloppy course. Of course, you never really know until the race is run."

Three hours before the race Jimmy Pitt, the trainer of Bally Ashe, was chatting about his horse and the weather. "Mud," he said, "moves my horse way up. He loves any type of bad surface. I hope it rains. I'm going to have his rider, Bobby Unery, send him to the front and let the field try to catch him."

Bally Ashe went to the front right from the gate, curving into the first turn a little more than a length ahead of his field. After six furlongs he had a bit more than that length, with Warfare's jockey, Ismael Mido Valenzuela, who was sitting in second place, measuring him. At the head of the stretch Warfare started swinging Bal-

ly Ashe down, and he went by him at the eighth pole. Bally Ashe tried to hold on, but at the 16th pole there was no longer any doubt. It was Warfare, driving, but drawing off.

In the jockeys' room afterward, Valenzuela smiled and wiped his muddy countenance. "The world's richest race," he said. "The world's richest race! Mile won it. Do you remember this race in 1955? My brother, Angel, rode the winner, Prince John. The race has been run seven times, and twice the Valenzuelas have won it. Twice! Angel is in California, and I shall go out there on Monday." Warfare will be shipped there, too, to be readied for the major 3-year-old races at Santa Anita before the Derby.

"Are there any other Valenzuelas riding?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said. "There is my other brother, Albino. Maybe next year he will win the world's richest race."

—WILLIAM LEEGGITT



WARFARE drew ships over sloppy going past Bally Ashe to win world's richest race.

THE SENATOR STOPS JAMIN IN CALIFORNIA

ARMISTICE DAY, now known as Veterans Day, marks the end of the shooting in World War I. But next week when it rolls around again it will signal the resumption of hostilities in one of the best racetracks Hollywood Park has seen in years. On that date a field of eight hand-picked competitors will meet for the third and last time in the American Trotting Classic. The favorite undoubtedly will be aggressive little Senator Frost, who last Saturday justified the faith his bettors had shown in him by pounding home in front.

The Senator's second-leg victory was doubly sweet in view of the fact that in the first race (SL Nov. 2) he had been thoroughly whipped by the big Frenchman, Jamin. This time Driver Dick Buxton held the Senator in check along the rail until the stretch. Then, when Trader Horn drifted to the outside, Buxton urged Senator Frost through the hole and took over. The Senator trotted the mile in 1:59 flat, good enough for a comfortable 2 1/4-length lead over Jamin, whose defeat was his first in the U.S. Trader Horn finished third.

All three were under two minutes.

Said Dick Buxton of Senator Frost: "This is a little horse, but he's all heart." And big, artichoke-driving Jamin's French trainer-driver, Jean Riaux, ruefully confessed that "you cannot race wide all the way and beat a horse like Senator Frost—at least as long as he is not obliged to move off the rail."

The biggest crowd in Western Harness Racing Association history is expected to turn out next Wednesday for the rubber match.

—FRANK MCCULLOCH

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Dan Weiner

They pretend to be indifferent toward football at Harvard but, as the following pictures show, they always have a big time at the Yale game

Weekend at Harvard

HARVARD, an institution which takes superiority for granted, is probably the only college in the country whose undergraduates can assume a superior attitude about fielding a losing football team. This attitude, known far and wide as Harvard Indifference, reflects the fact that at Cambridge, caring is considered unseemly (see pages 70 to 82). Nevertheless, at Harvard, as at the University of Texas (see cover) and most other colleges, Saturday's game serves as the focal point for the rich enjoyment of crisp autumn weekends, and if the team is a winner, as it has been the last couple of years, even Harvard men find the enjoyment crisper. Those lucky enough to have no Saturday classes may meet one of the small feminine army of dates that converges on Cambridge from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar or the many New England girls' prep schools in time for a quick stroll through the Yard (there is no "campus" at Harvard) before lunch at the Hoity Padding, another club or one of the many student Houses. Then, with his date on his arm, the Harvard man joins the serpentine throng pouring over the Luzz Anderson Bridge to Soldiers Field and the stadium. If Quarterback Charlie Ravenel makes a sensational play, as he is quite likely to do these days, the cheers that resound across the quiet Charles will be just as enthusiastic, and the cocktail parties in Cambridge after the game will be just as full of good cheer as if the Harvard man really cared the way they do in Texas—and somehow we suspect he does.

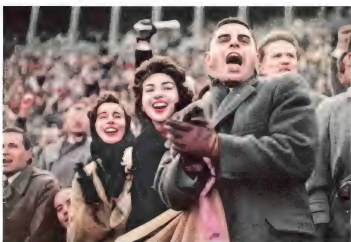
UNDERGRADUATE and his date meet on the steps of the Yard's Memorial Church before departing for the game.







MARCHING *From the Yard toward Harvard Stadium, crimson-jacketed Harvard band steps musically across Lars Anderson Bridge over Charles River.*



EXULTING in his Christmas plan, Howard wore slaps hands and shouts in his state-of-the-art office. Picking over Yale groups' record of historical "super-student" party in Israel House, a Howard discovery.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Carbo Cops a Plea

Two witnesses, both gay and sinister, of Frankie Carbo, underworld commissioner of boxing, have included happy half hours in front of a television set watching *Mr. District Attorney*, during which Frankie roasts for the hoodlums and snarls at D.A. David Brian: "I'll put ya in a hole, ya rat!"

Last week New York's Mr. District Attorney Frank Hogan, who is no half-hour Hollywood fantasy, had Hoodlum Frankie himself in a hole. Carbo had a hard choice. He could plead guilty to indictments charging that he had been an undercover fight manager and matchmaker or he could try to prove that he was no such thing.

If Frankie Carbo chose the latter course and attempted to defend himself in court, some important people might be embarrassed by evidence the district attorney would probably introduce. Prominent among these would be notorious James D. Norris, pretine president of the now-dissolved International Boxing Club, who had successfully pleaded that his heart might not stand the strain of an appearance in court. As Assistant District Attorney Alfred J. Scutti told the jury, Carbo's power in boxing "stemmed largely from his great influence over the IBC"—i.e., over Norris.

Thinking things over while the jury was selected, a wily Carbo made his decision. He pleaded guilty to three counts that can jail him for three years and thus saved his sportive old pals from being exposed in court. There was reason to believe that this decision was not so much romantic adherence to the Mafia code of silence as submission to orders from his superiors in the mob.

After copping his plea, Carbo went back to the jail hospital (he is a

diabetic) to await sentencing on November 30. After that he will be delivered up to Los Angeles to face a federal felony indictment charging him with attempting to extort a share of Welterweight Champion Don Jordan's purse, a charge he will share with Truman Gibson, Norris' executive officer.

When that is all over, Frankie Carbo will face a civil suit for collection

of back income taxes totaling \$750,719.57. He has been known to bank as much as \$300,000 in a single year (1946) and fighters he has controlled have been known to end their careers deep in debt.

Now it seems certain that Frankie Carbo, the old Murder, Inc. triggerman who has gotten away with murder more than once in his career, is

continued

AUSTRALIAN YACHTING SYNDICATE CHARTERS SLOOP "GEM" AS PART OF PLAN TO ISSUE CHALLENGE FOR AMERICA'S CUP.—New York Times



"It would look as nice on the other end of the medal."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

about to pay an installment on his debt to society.

Unheard of

SOME BIG HUNDS of ice fell out of cloudless skies over the eastern part of the country the other day, and almost certainly a reasonable explanation of the phenomenon will be forthcoming at any moment. It took no time at all last week to identify that vehicle from outer space streaking across the New York skyline. It was just a new kind of weather balloon. Most sensations of this kind evaporate between newspaper editions. But who is going to explain away that mysterious thing that's been running loose in the State of Maine for weeks now?

Some say it's a wild dog, but as someone else said, "If that's a wild dog, he's more'n wild, he's peculiar." Charles Cogswell of Holden (a village near Bangor) describes the thing he saw near Branch Pond as an animal five feet long, three feet high, with a tail the length of its body.

The thing's been seen all over the territory. "Ayuh," said Den Williams, a gun salesman in the L.L. Bean sporting goods store at Freeport. "We've heard considerable talk about the critter. Some say it's a timber wolf or maybe a mountain lion." Mr. Williams was asked if mountain lions are common in his vicinity. "Not common, no," said Mr. Williams. "Unheard of."

Newspapers in Bangor and Portland have been trying to run down the story with no luck. Game Warden Virgil Grant and Robert Sawyer, a trainee officer, told reporters they saw the thing on the back road from Linneus to Oakfield. "Ayuh," said Grant. "It appeared to stand 30 inches off the ground and was four feet long in the body, with a 36-inch tail." He thought a moment and added, "Had red eyes, ayuh."

Norville Reid of Houlton saw not one unexplained animal but two. Bill Bettler of Dedham spotted one in a field adjoining his property. Others reported sightings around Jackson, Lincolnville and Millinocket. As more

ALL YOURS, PROFESSORS

Some weeks ago on these pages we reported a discussion that took place in the Harvard Law School—*SL*, Oct. 26). The discussion, held under the supervision of Professor Lon Fuller, concerned itself with the ethics of various forms of subterfuge on the sports field, with particular emphasis on the question of whether a baseball catcher who "pals" a ball into the strike zone to fool an umpire is acting with more or less ethical sanction than a football player who feigns injury to fool a referee. The ensuing argument promptly

leaped from our pages to the halls of the University of Minnesota Law School, where Professor Yale Kamisar and his students took instant issue with the conclusions reached by Professor Fuller and his students. Professor Kamisar wrote us a letter about it. We sent the letter to Professor Fuller, who replied with another letter. Since both of these learned gentlemen are obviously well qualified to defend their views, we ourselves feel it the better part of wisdom to retire and turn the floor over to them.



PROFESSOR KAMISAR. Professor Fuller likens the catcher's action in "pals" balls into the strike zone and exclaiming, "Look where my glove is!" to a lawyer's advocacy. Would not improper legal argument be a more apt analogy? Is it within the bounds of propriety for a lawyer to strive to mislead or deceive the court as to the facts of the case on which he seeks a ruling?

True, theoretically the umpire remains free to make his own choice, but don't the catcher's tactics make it much more difficult for the umpire to make an objective choice? The whole point of the catcher's tactics is to pressure the umpire into calling the next close pitch in his favor, is it not? Furthermore, aren't the catcher's tactics likely (if not calculated) to incite the many thousands of fans in the stadium? To encourage them—as if they need much—to heap verbal abuse on the umpire? Isn't the catcher, then, acting very much like, say, the prosecutor who appeals to the prejudice of the courtroom audience and/or the crowds waiting outside,

with the full realization (if not the hope) that they may coerce the judge and jury?

Fuller argues that the catcher's tactics and the football player's feigned injury should be viewed from the position, "If one can do it, all can do it." Should there be an injury following every play in football," he continues, "the game would soon degenerate into an uninteresting farce." This sounds very much like the familiar argument from the "wedge principle." England's Glanville Williams, another eminent professor of jurisprudence, has said of such an argument as this:

"It seems a sufficient reply to say that this type of reasoning could be used to condemn any act whatever, because there is no human conduct from which evil cannot be imagined to follow if it is persisted in when some of the circumstances are changed. All moral questions involve the drawing of a line, but the 'wedge principle' would make it impossible to draw a line, because the line would have to be pushed farther and farther back until all action became vetoed."

In any event, I fail to see how the "wedge principle" aids Fuller. The practice of feigning injuries to stop the clock to conserve time for a touchdown drive has some very substantial limitations by definition. There is no conceivable point in resorting to such tactics when there are 20 minutes left to play, or 10, or probably even five. And, of course, there is no point in the leading team resorting to such tactics. On the other hand, the

pealties of trying to sway the umpire's judgment on a pitch has no comparable "built-in" limitations. There is as much to be gained from these tactics in the first inning as in the eighth or ninth. Furthermore, both teams can and do engage in the practice—and of the same time. For example, with two out and the count three and two, the batter may leap away from the plate to persuade the umpire the pitch was too tight and/or throw his bat away and trot down to first base, to persuade the umpire the pitch was ball four. At the same time not only may the catcher be "pulling" the ball into the strike zone, but the pitcher may be striding off the mound toward the dugout in an effort to persuade the umpire the pitch was strike three and the side is out. And taking the "if one can do it, all can do it" approach on other plays, the first baseman will receive the shortstop's throw and whip the ball around the infield as if the throw were in time, the outfielder will be trapping line drives, but pretending to catch them, the infielders will be tagging sliding base runners without the ball, ad infinitum.

A baseball game is supposed to be an athletic contest, not a debate tournament or a Broadway drama. The ballplayer is there to play ball, not to make like Clarence Darrow or Spencer Tracy. As Professor Fuller himself has reminded us in his provocative book, *The Law in Quest of Itself*, "the commonest stupidity consists in forgetting what one is trying to do."



PROFESSOR FULLER: I was accurately reported in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* as disapproving feigned injuries and disapproving the practice by which a baseball catcher "bunnets" the ball into the strike zone as he catches it.

Professor Karnikar would squarely reverse these moral judgments. In doing so, my learned colleague is, I submit, profoundly in error.

There are sound reasons (having nothing to do with "deceiving" the umpire) why a catcher should stand close to the batter, "ride with the pitch" and draw the ball toward the middle of the strike zone (see George "Specs" Toporover, *Baseball—From Mark Twain to Big League*, 1954, pages 55-57). That being so, I see no reason why he should not catch the ball as "persuasively" as he can from the standpoint of getting called strikes. Nor should the game be taken with such solemnity that a little enlivening touch of advocacy may not be tolerated. After all, we should remember the remark of an oldtime umpire—a remark pregnant with meaning for legal and moral philosophy—"some is balls and some is strikes, and some ain't nothin' till I calls 'em." As an interested party in these decisions, the catcher ought to be accorded some share in shaping those that fall in the third category.

Professor Karnikar's argument about the "built-in" limitation on the use of feigned injuries simply confirms my condemnation of that practice. Until the game is on ice, it would be to the advantage of any team with the ball to feign an injury after every play to gain more time to set up the next play. This is not done, because if it were, no one would want to watch or play the game. There is, then, a kind of tacit and very vague agreement not to push feigned injuries too far.

The result of this is to put a premium on violating this agreement or on pushing its boundaries to the outer limit. The so-called "built-in" limitation on faking is exactly the same as the "built-in" limitation on slugging—"Don't slug too much, or we'll stop up our own slugging." There is the difference, however, that the umpire who wants to avoid serious injuries can stop slugging, but can't stop apparent faking, precisely because to do so would be to run the risk of causing serious injury.

It is one thing to take a slight advantage of an umpire's slowness of visual response. It is another thing to take advantage of his desire to see that no one gets killed.

and more reports came in, Hale Joy, assistant editor of the weekly *Ellsworth American*, did his Yankee best to stave off panic. If some deer hunter happens to plug one of these animals, he editorialized on his front page, "the mystery will no doubt be solved." Meanwhile State of Maine is in a state of confusion and, like mountain lions and wild dogs five feet long, where they live that's not uncommon, it's unheard of.

The Golfing Starter

ONE MEASURE of the importance of the program at Washington's Laurel race track this Wednesday is the fact that Eddie Blind will turn up without his golf clubs. Eddie, an amiable 6-footer and the official starter at Laurel, is one of that small company of turfmen who care more about how a race begins than how it finishes. By the time the horses are off and running in any lesser race than the International, Eddie is apt to be thinking about another sport—his favorite—and even setting out with his golf clubs to knock a few balls around the infield before the next race starts.

Eddie got the golf habit from an aunt named Clara Tweeddale about 30 years ago and in the years since has polished his game to a middle-70s average against competition ranging from Eddie Arcaro to Fred Astaire to Jack Whitney to Jim Turpin, who made him so nervous he shot an 85.

Most of the time, however, golf calms Eddie's nerves. "I start about 2,500 horse races a year," he says, "and the pressure is such that I've got to have a change. Otherwise I couldn't stand it. I'd go nuts."

"I've had my finger broken by War Admiral, my ankle broken by Beau Pilot, my nose broken by Pharaoh Warrior, my arm broken by Daily News, and a horse named King Saxon even bit me. This is a tough business."

Eddie has started every International since the race's inception (and 13 Proklamers as well), and it always gives him more trouble than a sliced three-wood. Because most of the horses are foreign, a walk-up start has been used, not without difficulty.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Last year, when there were four false starts, the horse "leapt coming at me like the Charge of the Light Brigade," says Eddie. "The Russian horse Zaryad was so damn anxious he wanted to take my place as starter. Then he broke badly when the time came. They probably sent him to Siberia."

This year Blind will have a European-type starting barrier for the International. The barrier looks like a ternis set of wire mesh, and shoots up and out at the starter's touch. It is an effective block to an over-anxious horse, threatening to hang him up like so much wet wash. Russian homes included. It should make this year's International start easier, but Eddie Blind is still worried. "I've got a lot to think about on International Day," said Eddie last week. "I'd like to please everybody or somebody'll say, 'That leazy Eddie Blind.'" Then his eyes took on a dreamy look. "Everything I hit these days goes to the right," he mused. "I think it might be my driver. I hit my three-aunts O.K."

Keystone Dog

AT ONE TIME or another the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has officially adopted the keystone as its state symbol, the hemlock as its tree, the ruffed grouse as its bird, the mountain laurel as its flower and the white-tailed deer as its animal. (A doubtful honor for the deer, which sports-minded Pennsylvanians slaughter by the tens of thousands annually.) But, by some oversight, Pennsylvania has no official dog. Neither, for that matter, has any other state, but there are those in Pennsylvania who feel the lack deep.

The leading canine candidate before the state's legislature at this reading is the great Dane. This nominee was put forward by Mrs. Henry Peissel of Swarthmore, who has lobbied for her pet project these 12 years past and maintains somewhat mystically that the Dane "is our theovetic state dog" in any case because of its historical connection with Wil-

liam Penn. He apparently owned one.

Mrs. Peissel herself owns, as it happens, a beagle, but the beagle, she declares, is long on ears and short on dignity and hence unsuited as state dog. Representative Charles Jim of Westmoreland County is outstandingly pro-beagle, but much too blunt about it. His motion in favor of beagles—"The beagle is hereby selected and adopted as the state dog of Pennsylvania"—was so unadorned with the fancy phrases of legislative majesty that it was squelched in the House 81 to 111. The great Dane bill, on the other hand, inspired by Mrs. Peissel's drive, contained eight "whereases" and one "therefore," and consequently swept the lower chamber 113 to 77. Included in its rhetoric were some challenging thoughts: "Whereas the great Dane is prominently depicted in the Governor's reception room painting as the 'best friend' of the founder of this commonwealth, William Penn, and; Whereas the outline of the great Dane's head resembles the outline of the commonwealth's boundaries . . . and; Whereas the physical and other attributes of the great Dane—size, beauty, intelligence, tolerance, courage, faithfulness, trustworthiness and stability—embody those of Pennsylvania. . . . Therefore . . . the great Danes be selected, designated and adopted as the official dog."

Early debate on the dog bill was



No Huns, No Shoot!

He called a Hun.
Fence a rule.
We'd have a day
A nice dead snail?
—S. CREAM BARKER

punctuated with scattered barbs in the House until Democratic Majority Leader Stephen McManis reminded members, "It is undignified to bark in the House." Some representatives, being mildly disposed toward dog legislation, voted for both the Dane and the beagle; some, on the other hand, would have neither. "A state canine," said Representative Charles Auker (R.), "would be canine." Even



famed Pennsylvania dog-breeder Lina Baskette, the antique Zerkoff Follies and silent-cinema darling, was included in this point of view. Now Mrs. Frank Vincent Mancuso, Lina says that great Danes make better pets than husbands do (she has had dozens of the one, a half dozen of the other), but says, too, "I can't see that the great Dane should be a state dog. It's a damn silly thing."

Maybe the Republican Senate, which got the dog bill from the Democratic House, felt the same way. In any case, it promptly recessed.

Pennsylvanick Prognostics

YEARS before the meteorologist and the toothy TV girl ingrained themselves into American life, men put their trust in home-grown weather forecasts. And seldom were peas planted or picnics planned without scrutinizing groundhogs, muskrats, crickets, ducks, frogs, leeches or woolly-bear caterpillars. Along with a lot of other oddtime ideas, the forecasting faculties of bugs and things have been laughed away by stuffy old scientists. But they haven't dashed cold water on one poor fish—the perch. "They can't," says Mathew Kyrinda, a weather wizard of Waukegan, Ill. "Perch as forecasters are infallible."

Like geese flying south, says Mathew, perch live in Lake Michigan stripes

continued



Woodbury designs synthesized from varied blocks of mood—require the eye of an artist, the hand of a craftsman. Ancient fresco, a foremost exponent of this ancient art form, has bled the strong simplicity that marks his work is evident in this rendition of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn, commissioned expressly for the Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series. A full color reproduction, 12" x 22", available upon request.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

out for deeper water at the first ripple of winter. The deeper they go and the farther they swim from the shore line, the harder the winter will be. Mathon knows this is so because he has fished



perch from the lake for 49 years. And in 18 years of prophecy, he's been wrong only twice—errors in interpretation, he gladly acknowledges, no fault of the fish.

Last week Mr. Kyrle had the coming winter's perch prediction in hand, applicable for the Great Lakes region as far west as Omaha, as far north as Sturgeon Bay, Wis. and as far east as Detroit. It is a prediction favorable only to fuel dealers. Mathon's two boats, dragging nets 90 feet down and six miles out, caught only 250 pounds of perch. At 140 feet down and 12 miles out, they caught 800 pounds of perch. "Last year was cold enough, but this year the fish have started for the deep water 10 days earlier even than they did then," says Mathon, shivering happily in the anticipation of frigid weather ahead and a further impeccable record of perscopic prognosis.

Grass Roots

DONALD M. FERGUSON of the Australian Tennis Association recently predicted the world's two leading Davis Cup nations, Australia and the U.S., would soon support a movement toward grassless cup play, in deference to countries where no grass courts are available.

But Ferguson reckons without the likes of Jack Evans, a Tuscaloosa, Alabama tennis buff who views such anti-grass talk as treason. He believes grass is as vital to tennis as balls and a net. "Without grass," he says, "tennis would die, because the aesthetic qualities of grass are the hard core,

the grass roots as you might say, of the game itself. Without grass, tennis just doesn't have the prestige the game should have. Unless you're on grass you aren't playing tennis."

Sailing his deeds to his philosophy, Evans has brought a flourishing 220-family tennis club to Tuscaloosa and provided it with its first grass courts in just one year's time. Some of the country's most knowledgeable amateurs—Bill Talbot, Gardner Mulloy, Dick Savitt—played on Evans' grass and even likened it to the velvet of Wimbledon. Then, last week, two old pros, Bobby Riggs and Don Budge, who have competed on the world's finest courts, teamed up to win the doubles in what Tuscaloosa proudly calls The Southern Professional Grass Courts Tennis Championships.

The courts are fine, said Budge after the final match, though Jack Evans might as well know now that Don doesn't like to play on grass. Fine indeed, echoed Riggs, who does like grass and promised to be back next year to play in Tuscaloosa. All this, mind you, in a part of the country where tennis itself is a curiosity and grass courts almost unknown.

It was a modest tournament to be sure, but with it Jack Evans made a point: Grass courts are practicable for small tennis clubs. "Building them isn't as complicated as you'd think," he says. "All you need is a level area, good strong grass and tender care."

If that's all the suburban homeowner needs to grow a fine lawn then how come it's still harder to raise good grass than children? **END**



"Answered it quickly: 'Will the owner of our missing license plate EV616 kindly report to the parking lot.'"

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



PAULBRED got caught in that of Nakamura's just from pillar, less grandstand. But the 100-yen bettors have their day in

December 5th at the 100-yen bettors' (100-yen bet) in a real 100-yen (¥3,500) Arima Memorial, Japan's second richest race.



INFORMATION board into depe for the day's racing. There are 12 Thoroughbred tracks in Japan which are run by a semi-governmental foundation.



RAWS line up at the windows to cash their tickets. There are, in addition, off-track betting offices, and

RAILBIRDS IN JAPAN

IMMIGRANTS breed at Nakayama, a racetrack outside Tokyo, in as sedulous a pursuit as it is at Aqueduct, but an accidental Occidental plunger might well be disoriented by the Oriental refinements. Only 20% of the bets are made on win, place and show, the rest being placed on a chance proposition called *funenest*, which means picking the first and second horses in a race in that order—oh, brother! There is a morning line, but, sportingly, no tote board to reflect changing odds. Instead of pari-mutuel machines, Nakayama employs 2,500 girls (at 51¢ a day), who sell tickets, count stubs, tot up on abacuses, dash around feeding mysterious information into tiny adding machines and, shortly after the race, come up with the payouts. There are 12 races, starting at 10:30 a.m., and the horses run clockwise, but it's as hard to go home ahead as it is at Aqueduct.

Photographs by Jerry Goffe



BETTERS 4,500 bettors at Nakayama Station in Tokyo structure a chaos. Japan has the usual equipment of experienced tipsters, but tote-boards, lacking from the track.



the play from the office. A place to get short-wave radio to the track and figured into the payouts.



CHILD will stand amorosely, attempts the solemn ritual of picking a winner. Children are welcome at the track, but should be seen, not heard.



ATTRACTING MOST ATTENTION AMONG SLEEK ENTRIES ALIGNED FOR JUDGING ON LAWN OF DEL MONTE LODGE IS FRINGED SURGER



A DAPPER MB confesses a streamlined cleaning from sportily attired worker willing to show that an entrant must literally stoop to conquer in a Concours d'Élégance.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

GAGGLE OF GLISTENS IN

CALIFORNIA sunlight met its match and more in the gleaming brightwork of a gaggle of the nation's most bedazzling autos at Pebble Beach, Calif. the other day. They were gathered together for the 10th Annual Concours d'Élégance, a high-toned fashion show of motordom's elite.

To achieve the high polish the occasion demanded, the elegant owners of the elegant entries used virtually every known cleaning device and potion from toothbrush to glycerin to expunge any lurking dust mote from each gleaming surface. Then the 16 judges seeking smudges or some hint

OLLS ROYCE
OST - WAR
EN - CLOSED



CARRYING FENDER BOWL AND CHAMPAGNE

ELEGANCE THE SUN

of unauthentically crawled in, about and over the dazzling array of Rolls Royces, Jaguars, Cords and Bugattis to decide which car was the most impeccable representative of its class.

The best-in-show award went to a 1919 Bugatti 55C owned by Jack Neithardt of Los Angeles, but the biggest attraction was an antique-model car which packed a different sort of vintage, jargonous of champagne. Dilettante Lucius Davis, one of the judges, summed up *Le Concours d'Élégance* as "an event whose social implications are second only to those of the San Francisco Opera."

Photography by Jack Kelly



OSLINE: ONE of auto magazines Red House, taken on the road by the Alaskan State of Berkeley. The Rolls needed much buffing of its own before winning its class.



PEERING under hood of 88 Jaguar 190 is Gerry Owen Owen, but it's giving battle now to the 1919 luxury car to take top honors in 17-class contest.

GABBING at engine block of Bugatti owned by Charles St. Louis Lewis as it find glow to watch competing leaders that look much like great glowing drops of oil.



PLENITUDE BY THE PLATTE

Pheasants are back in Nebraska, 9 million strong, thanks to land management

by RICHARD ALDEN KNIGHT

THE duck hunter may be playing pinocchio in his blind this fall for want of ducks. But not his shooting cousin, the upland bird hunter. Last week in Nebraska he was getting pheasant fast as he could reload. Only a few years back it was hard enough for one Nebraska pheasant to find another Nebraska pheasant, much less for a Nebraska hunter to find either of them. But when the season opened a fortnight ago it

opened with a bang. It wasn't another opening, another show—not by a long wing shot. It was a stunning and major revival; the pheasants were back and Nebraska had 'em. The game commission said there were 9 million birds scratching in the rife (right) on either side of the Platte, that old, slow "mile wide and inch deep" river which cuts the Cornhusker State in two. This was more ringnecks than Nebraska has had since 1942, when they were as thick as sparrows in a city park, and twice as many as last year. It had taken some tall doing to achieve this new plenitude by the Platte, for at the end of World War II the pheasant had declined to the dolorous point where a man had to

hunt hard and long to knock down his limit.

Nebraska game officials have a theory which isn't so much original as refreshing in this day of the reduced bag and shorter season. They feel that environment, not gunning pressure, controls the bird population. Given normal precipitation, adequate cover and a constant food supply, pheasant will thrive. Take away any of the three and the population will wane, no matter how many guns are in the field.

During the war, land, by necessity, was heavily used in Nebraska. Fields were plowed to the fence line, buttoners were burned out and cleared,

continued

BREAKING HIS POINT after a downed ringneck suddenly got full of fight, a pointer dashes eagerly after the wounded bird.

A FLOCK of pheasant fatten up in a field of milo, a specialty crop which is Nebraska's favorite game bird environment. ▶



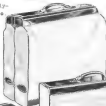




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PHEASANTS returned

range was left stripped short by huge herds of beef cattle and sheep. Without cover and food the birds perished, and the damage was compounded by the yard-deep drifts and perforce cold of the winter of 1948-49. In 1949 there were but 2 million remaining. There had been 32 million in 1921.

Then Nebraska sold a crash land-management program which demonstrated to landowners that if they only gave the game a chance it would prosper. Ranchers let their draws and bottoms lie, farmers planted legumes or succession annuals in fields lying fallow during crop rotation, and the pheasants came back. The best way to get them in the gang hunt, a party of five or 10 men joining forces to work the vast, open fields. The main part of the group drives the field from one end to the other, pushing the birds toward a spot where they must fly, ruffling noisily up into the high sky, rather than run. The rest of the party heads up the drive at the other end of the field, turning grey-bounding birds back into the drivers before they can run out of cover.

Another thing an eastern shotgunner learns is that there's hardly a no-trespassing sign in the whole of the Platte Valley. Fanning country in Nebraska is measured by sections (640 acres), and a farmer will put four to 10 sections at your disposal if you just go up and ask him.

"What are you after, son, birds or



FULL BAG of pheasants is displayed on a station wagon after a day's shooting near North Platte. Gang gunning, in which

quail?" a farmer sitting on his corn picker inquired of me and my companion last week. "That rifle field might be too big for you boys to work, but I guess if you thrash around enough you'll find the birds you need. Give me your name and I'll call my son. He lives about four miles west of here and he'll let you hunt. Better than that, drop by the house in a couple of hours and I'll go along with you."

A 20-gauge double may be all that's needed to fold a ponderous pea-calced eastern bird, but the wild ringnecks in Nebraska are small, fast beyond belief and so strong of flight they have to be hammered out of the air. A 12-gauge, pump or automatic, with modified boring is the popular gun, and magnum fours or sixes seem to do the job.

But it is the abundance of birds which is truly remarkable. I almost stood on the tail feathers of my first pheasant while walking a shelter belt. With a rush of wings he burst from underfoot. I swung with him with both barrels before I crumpled him. My shots were the key to an eruption I had never seen the like of before. The shelter belt literally exploded pheasant. I managed to reload and scratch down a towering cock as he flared past me. "That was a pretty good bunch of birds," my companion allowed. "We might hit a field that has upward of 500 in it later on." I can't fairly say we did, but we might have. The birds were back.

END



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TIGER ON THE PROWL

A blazing, 89-yard punt return by Billy Cannon, the pride of Baton Rouge, beat Mississippi and kept LSU undefeated

by KENNETH RUDEEN

It was to be the South's most significant football game since 1939, when the undefeated, unscathed colts that was Tennessee savaged undefeated Alabama.

You may surmise what the Louisiana State-Mississippi collision meant to LSU's Coach Paul Dietzel. His perfect season last year and Sugar Bowl victory electrified the nation. His undefeated Tigers had permitted exactly two field goals to be scored against them all year, while Coach Johnny Vaughn's undefeated Rebels had been almost equally miserly in allowing just one touchdown. Dietzel's team was, of course, rated first in the land, and Vaughn's challengers ranked way up in third place nationally. The winner would probably become national champion.

Saturday dawned gray and dripping, threatening a further softening of the turf in LSU's Tiger Stadium after a damp week, but scalpers were reported still to be getting as much as \$100 for a good seat and \$25 to \$40 for a poor one.

Under a clearing evening sky a throng of 47,500 filled up the Tiger Stadium saucer, and the LSU partisans' fundamental anti-Mississippi war cry—"Go to hell, Ole Miss!" rang out. Temperature 73°; humidity 100°; pent-up emotion insatiable.

The first half was a nightmare for LSU. Three times the Tigers lost fumbles to Ole Miss. The second lapse was by the idolized All-America left halfback, Billy Cannon, and it made possible a Mississippi score.

A tremendous part by the Rebels' Bobby Franklin had gone out of bounds on the LSU five-yard line. Cannon slammed off tackle to the 15, was hit while moving the ball from one hand to the other and fumbled

to Billy Brewer of Ole Miss at the 20. (With Franklin, Jake Gibbs and Doug Elmore, Brewer was one of the Rebels' quarterback stars of the game; he covered all three LSU fumbles.) Ole Miss drove to the three in four plays. On third down Jake Gibbs swept to the right and was hurled back to the five-yard line by a fine LSU end, Mickey Mangham. On fourth down the Ole Miss specialist, Robert Khayat, who is revered at Oxford for having dated both of the recent Miss Americas during their Ole Miss days, kicked a field goal. With just half of the first quarter played, LSU was behind 3-0 and in trouble, for the fast and resourceful Rebels kept the Tigers pinned to their own terrain the rest of the first half.

THREE BIG POINTS

In the third quarter the awesomely gifted Cannon, who weighs 395 pounds and has twice run the hundred in 9.4 seconds, put pressure on Ole Miss by returning an intercepted pass into Rebel territory. With the ball on the Ole Miss 31 the Tigers' Wendell Harris, who had made five field goals in five attempts before Saturday's game, kicked a wobbler that appeared to be partly blocked, and the Rebels' three points looked larger by the minute.

Early in the last quarter Cannon drifted back to field an Ole Miss punt. It was a beauty, off the toe of Jake Gibbs, and angled away from Cannon so that he could not quite catch it. The ball bounced neatly into Cannon's hands at the LSU 11-yard line, and the big fellow was away on the run of the year, the decade or, if you are an LSU fan, the century. He was hit almost immediately, but he drove on. He was hit again and

seemed certain to go down. He was hit solidly yet again as he ran the gauntlet of Ole Miss tacklers. He did not appear to swerve from a path near the right sideline; he did not make fancy cuts or feints. He insisted under the punishment as a brave bull would under the picador's lance. He finally outran the pursuit near the LSU 40-yard line and fled on to score the touchdown of his life. He was given an ovation that could have been heard in Oxford and must have lasted for two minutes. Harris anticlimactically kicked the conversion.

Ten minutes remained in the game, and the valiant Rebels used nearly all of that time in a long drive that tested LSU to the core. Doug Elmore, the least known of Mississippi's hot quarterbacks, started the attack from the Rebels' 32-yard line. When it penetrated to the LSU 23, Dietzel withdrew the famous Chinese Bandits, who were having heavy weather, and sent in the first team. Still the Rebels marched. They smashed to a first down on the seven—and into an unforgettable goal-line stand. Running from the two on fourth down, Elmore kept the ball, rolled to his left, cut ahead and was stopped cold by Tackle Bo Strange and Quarterback Warren Rabb. Just 18 seconds were left on the clock when LSU took the ball. The crowd counted down from 10 seconds and then went slightly crazy.

Dietzel ran onto the field to shake Vaughn's hand and give joyful whacks to the players he could reach. Finally three students carried him off the field on their shoulders.

Stretched out on his back on a trainers' table with a blue towel draped around him and holding an ice pack to his bruised face, Billy Cannon, the home-town Baton Rouge boy who was the toast of the town, praised his blockers on that phenomenal 89-yard punt return. "Every time you see your man you try to set up a block," he said. "Every time I saw one he cut a man down. I owed the team something. My fumble gave them three. I'm just glad the blocking got it back for me."

He failed to mention the parts where there were no blockers.

"That," said Paul Dietzel, "was the greatest run I ever saw in football."

END

FALCON ON THE WING

Alert as its namesake, a fine young Air Force football team gained a tie and a moral victory in its first game with Army

by ROY TERRELL

In the Commodore Bar, an Army colonel, class of '17, said, "Army must win. I've just returned from Washington and that's all they're talking about down there. The Air Force is contemptuous of us, they look upon us as the stuffy old brass. This is not for fun, it's serious. There is a symbolism to this game."

A Madison Avenue guy, with Ivy League lapsels, was hailed for a moment in the commuter rush at Grand Central. "It's synthetic," he said. "Neither team has any relationship to New York. The appeal in college

football is not the mechanics but the atmosphere. And this is not a college town, it's a pro town."

"I like Navy," said the old girl as she bar in Greenwich Village. "When do you mean, Navy isn't playing? Army always plays Navy."

So New York wasn't very excited. The subways were a little more jammed, and 67,000 people filled Yankee Stadium to watch the first big college football game in New York since Notre Dame played Davis and Blanchard to that 0-9 tie. The 2,500-man cadet corps from up the Hud-

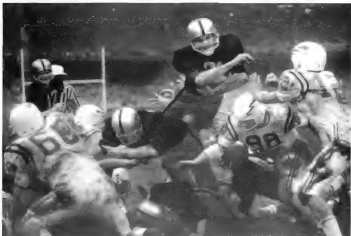
son and 199 upperclassmen, from the rank wing beneath the Rockies, whooped and cheered and cheered. Hissel and Mr. Jackson, and Pancho, the Army mules, thundered up and down the turf between where Mickey Mantle and Gil McDougald normally stand, turning the Yankee Stadium grandkeepers livid with rage. Mach I and Mach II, the Air Force tailbacks, whooped and stooped in a remarkable demonstration at half time, entertaining these among the audience blessed with 20/20 vision and scoring the wits out of the pigeon population of the lower Bronx. But New Yorkers themselves didn't seem to get very excited.

A murky drizzle blanketed the field all day. The Air Force, despite a surprise reversal loss to strong Oregon, four victories, in five games, was a seven-point underdog. But once the game began, the Air Force shook all this off and gained a 13-13 tie by exploiting their basic weapon—the collection of loose footballs.

Army fumbled four times and four

JOHN HENNING

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FALCON ON THE WING continued

times the Air Force scooped up the ball. Two of the fumbles led to Falcon touchdowns, another gave them a chance at a field goal which missed. Outriggered and playing 1,200 miles from home, they almost won the entire shooting match only to have a field goal attempt fade off, barely short and a few feet wide, in the last minute of play.

Already a legend for their fierce spirit, the Falcons proved to have a few football players, too. Richie Mayo, the quarterback, was deadly with a little robust push. A tough, quick-starting fullback named Monte Mosleren ripped through the Army line for good yardage and Mike Quinn lived up to his billing as the best fullback Air Force has ever had. And the Falcon line, after being soundly outmanned by Army for 20 minutes, turned around and dominated the second half.

THE WALKING WOUNDED

In fairness to Army, it must be pointed out that this was one of the toughest football teams ever seen. Bob Anderson, who scored both Cadet touchdowns and ran, at times, like a light tank despite his injured knee, limped. Don Tany limped. Otto Everbach limped. Jim Connors limped. Joe Caldwell limped. Others limped. Once, when George Pupich, the Air Force place-kicker who also limps, went off the field, he started to go sit on the Army bench.

Despite the tie, the Falcons were rather pleased with the results of the first Army-Air Force football game, for in some ways they came out ahead.

No Navy goat, for example, in all their long associations, has ever made an Army mule bark off a single step, but when Mark IV and Battalion were introduced on the sidelines during the third quarter, old Battalion wasn't moving anything to do with their playing line. And on Sunday night the streets of midtown Manhattan were full of Air Force cadets, on their first trip to New York, accompanied by evenly young cadets mysteriously requisitioned from somewhere. In those days of jet travel, it is always hard to get future Air Force lieutenants to have a few good numbers in New York.

FOR THE STORY OF AN UPSET IVY LEAGUE WEEKEND, SEE PAGE 47

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REVOLT IN THE RAIN

IT WAS clear the Ivy League game of the year would be on November 7 between unbeaten, untied and unscathed upon Yale and plain old unbeaten Penn. All Yale had to do first was beat Dartmouth. Penn had to me by Harvard.

Both games were played in weather conducive to growing rice and were watched by people whose love of football exceeded their fear of pneumonia. In New Haven, over 40,000 fans sat in a very damp Yale Bowl, umbrellas up. Dartmouth threatened early, but the stout Yale defense stopped them, just as it had stopped all other teams this year. Such success is no fluke. Yale has a veteran team, seasoned by a previous year of defeat, and the lessons they learned so painfully last year they have applied successfully this year. Late in the second period they scored on a short run to lead 8-0 at the half.

Two minutes and 46 seconds later, as the football clock flies, Yale found itself scored upon. Billy Gundy, a skillful quarterback who had been out of action with injuries during Dartmouth's early-season misfortunes, tossed an 11-yard pass to Karl Seth Steckland.

Dartmouth had somehow learned the secret of scoring against Yale, and back they came. Gundy threw his passes with precision. When he completed one of 27 yards to Hallback Alan Rozycki, Dartmouth had scored again and, as it turned out, had won.

At least Yale did better than the boys of Penn, who couldn't even score. Harvard's Phil Bozler can 31 yards through the drizzle for a first-period touchdown and four yards in the second for another. The final score was 12-0, and 15,000 fans left Franklin Field cold and wet.

In a way it's nice that Yale and Penn were beaten. Things were getting out of focus in the old Ivy League, what with Yale-ranked fifth in the nation and all that. To teams like Columbia and Brown, second-losses, Yale and Penn were beginning to take on the proportions of the Baltimore Colts and New York Giants. Now that's over. The Ivy League is the Ivy League once more, a league where any team can beat any other team. Yale, Penn and Princeton are tied for first place. Fast-moving Dartmouth is half a game behind. They play tough Columbia this week, but Columbia may turn out to be timid.



DARTMOUTH ATTACK against Yale was lost to Quakerboard Bill Dineen, 17, whose three-run home runs in second and third helped the Blue their first loss of the season.

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A WALL OF 49ERS

San Francisco's pros, playing near-perfect defensive football, shut out the explosive Rams in early October. Here is how they may do it again when the teams meet Sunday in the Los Angeles Coliseum

by **TEX MAULE**

Penetration by Robert Riger



ARNETT

WHEN rookie Coach Red Hickey told his young and ebullient San Francisco 49ers how they could defeat the Los Angeles Rams in the first league game between the two teams this season in early October, they took his lessons seriously and obligingly won the game 34-0 despite the fact that they had lost an exhibition game to this same team 14-48 only a few weeks earlier.

It was the first time any team had held the Rams scoreless in 10 years of league play, and it was regarded as somewhat miraculous by most knowledgeable pro football people. The ideal pro defense as used today has four very large, occasionally mobile men in the front line, three slightly smaller, even more active players in the second rank of defense and four very fast, reasonably large halfbacks in the secondary.

The 49ers, along with most pro clubs, had men to fill these roles, but their deep defenses, in particular, lacked experience. Two of them—David Baker of Oklahoma and Eddie Dove of Colorado—were raw rookies. The other two—Abe Woodson of Illinois and Jerry Mertens of Drake—had only a total of a season and a half's experience between them. The job of the defense was to contain men like Ollie Matson and Tom Wilson, two of the most dangerous runners in the business, to say nothing of Billy Wade and Frank Ryan, two excellent passers throwing to the best pair of ends in the league in Red Phillips and Del Shofner. Jon Arnett, another fine runner, was handicapped by a leg injury. Fortunately, Hickey's rookies, backstopped by a great punter in rookie Tommy Davis, followed their coaches' battleplans and fleshed them out. The story of how they did it and how they could do it when they meet again on Sunday in Los Angeles is told on these eight pages.

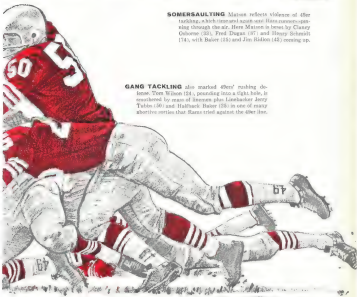


DAVIS





SOMERSAULTING Matson reflects violence of 49er tackling, which threatened again and again to tear runners apart through the air. Here Matson is beset by Clancy Osborne (32), Fred Dugan (37) and Henry Schmidt (74), with Balcer (25) and Jim Ridlon (42) coming up.



GANG TACKLING also marked 49ers' rushing defense. Tom Wilson (24), pounding into a tight hole, is smothered by mass of seven: plus linebacker Jerry Tubbs (50) and Halfback Balcer (25) in one of many abortive series that Rams tried against the 49er line.

CONTINUED

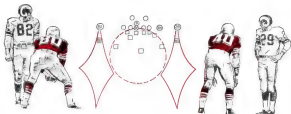
A NEARLY PERFECT NEW UMBRELLA

The ideal defense against a passing attack combines a fast-charging line, to put pressure on the passer, with an umbrella of four quick, veteran defensive backs with speed enough to stay behind the long passes and three linebackers who have experience and reactions quick enough to plug the line or cut off the short passes. Hickey had none of these. His line was good, but had not put pressure on the passer during the exhibition games. In Matt Hunsline he had one linebacker who filled the requirements; the other two were Jerry Tubbs, new at middle backer, and Clancy Osborne, a rookie picked up from the Rams as much for his knowledge of the Ram offense as for his ability. The deep men were very fast, very young, very inexperienced. Their coach was a rookie, too—Jack Christensen, a free defensive back for the Detroit Lions but in his maiden season as a coach. As shown in the diagram on

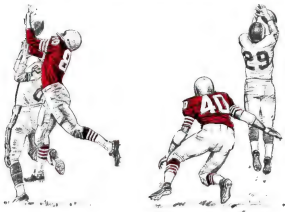
the right and in the pictures on this and the next five pages, Hickey solved his problem by taking a tremendous gamble. He assigned Abe Woodson (40) and Jerry Mertens (18) to the nearly impossible task of covering Del Shofner (29) and Bud Phillips (62), man for man. Woodson and Mertens took their men wherever they went on the routes indicated by the diamonds in the diagram. The middle defensive area, inside the dotted line, was the responsibility of the linebackers and the deep men, Baker and Davis. All of the 49er secondary defenses—linebackers and halfbacks alike—were drilled over and over in rehearsing their men the minute the ball was thrown and converging on its destination. The four big men up front had the major responsibility for containing the Ram running, helped when possible by the linebackers, and helped sometimes by the very fast deep men coming up to the line.



STRONG MAN of the 4ber line was Leo Nomellini, a 25-year-old tackle. This 250-pound wrestler was immovable against running, as well as being the most effective rusher. Stronger even than most players his size, Leo nearly decapitated Ram Quarterback Frank Ryan (above) on 6/17, always dumped Center Les Wilbur (right) on Ram punts.



KEY ROLES in the 4-3er defense were taken by Mertens (80) and Woodson (40), shown here playing on Phillips (82) and Skelton (29). They dogged these two fine pass receivers wherever they went. The safety men, Baker and Davis, helped on very deep patterns and on covering the short area in the middle (dotted circle) with Middle Backer Jerry Tubbs and with the other linebackers.



PANTHER-QUICK REFLEXES plus sprinter's speed helped Mertens and Woodson in their assignments. As fast as the men they had to cover, they reacted so quickly that they were able to move with the frills thrown by the agile Phillips and Skelton and still recover well enough to be in position to knock down the pass (left) or hurry the receiver so that he missed the pass (right).

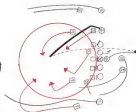
CONTINUED



SIDELINE VIEWS of 46ers' converging defense in action shows how it worked. Leon Clarke (94) has just caught pass. Woodson (48), Baker (25), Osborne (33), Tabbs (20) and Dove (44) are all turning toward Clarke in instant reaction to the situation.



HIT HARD by Tabbs (20), first man to reach him, Clarke fumbles, and Dove (44), another of the last-closing ring of 46er defenders, is on hand to scoop up the ball. Diagram at the right shows how the defenders gang up on the receiver after the pass is thrown.



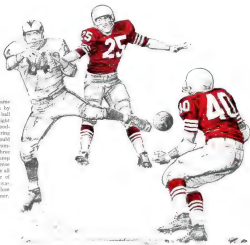
RING OF RED JERSEYS around a lone Ram receiver was a typical sight. Another pass bounces away from hurried Clarke into hands of approaching Tabbs (20) while Woodson (40), Dove (44), Haseltine (55) and Baker (25) prepare to block for Tabbs.



PAYOFF for unrelenting pursuit comes again in this interception, initiated by Baker as he goes up with Clarke (84) to bat away a quick pass over center. Woodson (40) has left Shofner to hurry to the scene with linebackers Tabba (50) and Hazekine (55).

REWARD FOR HASTE

enter is the form of interception by Woodson. Baker slapped ball away from Clarke and straight down, but the hurrying Woodson arrived to make shoe-string catch, converting what would otherwise have been an incomplete pass into one of the three interceptions which helped keep the high-gaured Rams offense outside the 40-yard line all afternoon in a true classic of defense football. Clarke was prime target because of close guarding of Phillips, Shofner.



CONTINUED

THE OFFENSE WORKED TOO

A good offense is not necessarily the best defense, but it helps. The 49ers, led by aging, bald Quarterback Y. A. Tittle, used Coach Hickey's imaginative, resourceful play book superbly well. Surprisingly, they were most effective with a wallowing running attack powered by 32-year-old Joe Perry and a refugee from the defense, big, oiled-legged J. D. Smith. Quick, accurate passes foiled any 49er tendency to overrelied against this running; and the blocking was very good all day. Tittle himself added to both running and receiving by picking up 22 yards on a surprise gallop and completing passes to himself which was good for four yards.



POWERFUL PERRY (34) follows a blocker on one of his sweeps which gained consistently. Now in his 12th season, Perry has gained more yards running than anyone in NFL history.

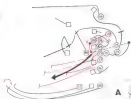


RUNNING MATE for Perry, J. D. Smith (24), is conveyed by Hugh McKeeney (39), himself an All-Pro runner who is now used on the wing of 49er attack where he is available as a receiver and where he blocks corner defender infallibly.



TOUCHDOWN PASS to End Billy Wilson (54) came when the alert Tittle, on fourth and one at the Rams 34, recognized that Wilson, unopposed by two defenders, changed his signal at the line of scrimmage and tossed quick pass to Wilson. Wilson eluded Tom Franckhamer and scored easily. This quick reaction to a weakness in the Rams defense was typical of the 49ers' attack.

ACTING ABILITY of McElhenry (28) made this "over pass" on for 65-yard touchdown against Detroit last week. McElhenry blazes, falls to ground to hit defense, jumps up to take short pass, follows screen of waiting blockers for gain or touchdown.





IN HAVANA'S BLANQUITA THEATER, 2,000 ASTA DELEGATES LISTEN EXPECTANTLY AS CASTRO UNFOLDS HIS DREAM OF TOURISM

TRAVEL / *Horace Sutton*

How to lose tourists

Meeting in Havana, travel agents learn firsthand why Cuba is a place to detour

ALL SUMMER LONG the drums had called, "Go, Carefree Go Cuba," said the rollicking ads in the American newspapers. "Cuba is gay, more friendly, more exciting than ever. Cuba's new democracy-in-action offers you new freedom, new fun and the biggest welcome in the whole Caribbean!"

At the bottom of the ads rattle the ellipses. The Cuban Tourist Office announced that ASTA—the American Society of Travel Agents—had chosen Havana for its 29th annual world congress in October.

The much-vaunted ASTA convention was a fat legacy that Cuba's revolutionary government had inherited from the Batista regime. ASTA is the single largest travel association in the world. Its membership is not limited to American and Canadian travel agents, but includes foreign agencies as well, not to mention an allied roster of virtually all the world's major transportation companies, hotel chains, and any island, government or resort from Tahiti to Tel Aviv interested in attracting the traveler. ASTA's presence, a much-sought-

after plum, has been known to open tourist floodgates, bolster sagging economies and start new travel trends.

For Fidel Castro, whose big tourist plant had been an empty, unused shell since he took over on New Year's Day, the ASTA convention was the chance of a regime's lifetime, and he went all-out to take advantage of it. When the first ASTA delegates arrived on Saturday afternoon before the big convention week began, Havana's brand-new airport, rushed to completion, was ready. It was gay with flags, hunting and welcome signs. A hundred pairs of official eyes, including those of two short, scraggly soldiers only lately out of the hills sporting berets, fatigues and carbines, watched the first delegates come down the steps from the airplane.

ON THE FENCE

ASTA bags and ASTA delegates were rushed through customs without any examination at all. Flags and welcome signs were everywhere, not excluding a two-color neon diadem of welcome on the dome of the capitol and a large cutout sign wired to the fence of the Hospital de Dermatosis.

Fidel himself showed up on Monday morning at the Blaquita Theater to start the ASTA convention rolling. As if to signalize the peaceful nature of the occasion, he took off his

ever-present gun belt and laid it aside. Then, with Carlos Alfofina, the 28-year-old executive director of tourism, at his elbow, he delivered a disarming, off-the-cuff 25-minute talk in halting English. He welcomed the travel agents. He told them that Cuba was their island and that tourism was the salvation of it. He offered the sunny climate, the lovely landscapes, the friendliness of his people and a whopping promotion campaign to bring the tourists back. He got an ovation, and the editors of the convention's daily newspaper went back to the press room to write the headlines. Castro, WORK DELEGATES, that was to appear the next morning.

More waving was in store. That evening, in dark uniform and tie, Castro showed up again at a reception given on the grounds of the capitol building by President Osvaldo Dorticos. This time he was mobbed by the travel agents who, playing bathysmores to his Elvis, fought and pushed to have their pictures taken alongside him, showing hundreds of convention badges in lieu of autographs. ASTA's president, Max Allen, tried to step the near riot, but Castro insisted that he was prepared to sign the badges of all comers.

Even this was not the last that Fidel had to give to the convention.

continued



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He disappeared into the night, but members of the press meanwhile had been notified that at 10:30 p.m. he would personally escort them through a small exposition—set up across the street from the Hilton—showing what life was like in the new Cuba. The appointed hour found a record turnout of 150 reporters, photographers, publicity people and the ASTA president waiting expectantly under a hot, brightly lighted, translucent canopy for the Premier to appear.

We waited. After 40 minutes everybody agreed that Castro was undoubtedly held up by something important. A member of the newly organized tourist authority rose to speak for him. In eloquent terms he proceeded to explain the tremendous plan already neatly explained in ornate press kits handed to each reporter which would transform Cuba from a janky one-city tourist attraction to a 749-mile-long island of wholesome vacation happiness.

One by one, other officials fled up to the platform, loyally vamping for their absent leader while the assembled press fidgeted and perspired under the hot lights. Cuba had relied too much on such unhealthy sports as nightclubbing and gambling, Castro's aides said. Fidel would keep the clubs and the wheels, but he was building

41 centers for hunting and fishing too. Cuban ducks, and particularly Cuban pigeons, would fly and die for tourists. There would be vacation cabins, clubhouses, landscaped paths, sports rental shops, skirts and hats for hire. In remote areas there would even be marker signs. Some families could relax in comfort while father took off by small boat in search of fish and game in Cuba's keys.

A PRESENT FROM FIDEL

The minutes passed, turned into hours, and the list went on and on. Under the direction of the national Administration of Public Beaches and Tourist Attractions, Castro's officials said, a circling string of 40 public beaches on the north and south coasts of Cuba were being prepared for the public, tourists included. Each would have restaurant, locker rooms and cabanas. The city of Santiago, center of revolutionary activity in Oriente Province, with its memorials of the Spanish-American War, would be turned into a great tourist city. A new jet airport would be built, and in two years travelers could be offered direct jet service from New York. Six hundred miles of country road would be built, and travelers would be invited to enter Cuba at one end, drive cross-country visiting its new resorts and its old cities all along the way and leave at the other end. To start the tourists flowing again \$400,000 would be spent in advertising between now and year's end. Another million and a half would be spent in 1960. Not only would such amenities as the \$2.50 landing tax be swept away, but each arriving tourist would be given an envelope containing 25 postage-paid picture postcards. Fidel, they said, wanted to give each departing tourist a gift, too, and the tourist office had suggested maracas, a recording of Cuban music and a drum. Fidel himself had redesigned the package in the form of a Cuban hat and added postcards of Cuban music.

About one a.m. there suddenly was a flurry at the entrance, and the by now familiar figure strode in, tall, heavyset, bearded. Momentarily raised, the audience rose and politely applauded. Unperturbed, a tourist official explained that this worthy was not Castro but a Cuban actor who frequently appears as his double.

When, a few minutes later, the real Castro appeared, there was another shock. In contrast to the affable atmosphere of the earlier morning meet-

ing and the autographing, photographing, listening session at the capital, the press conference, so long delayed, quickly disintegrated into an amorphous political debate that did not break up until 3 a.m.

The next day, Tuesday, the non-ventures agreed to find the delegates working headlines on their own paper as well as a present from Fidel they hadn't expected. The Premier, so full of welcome earlier in the day, had spent the intervening hours between the reception and the delayed press conference delivering a heated television diatribe against the U.S. Castro threw into his tirade in the U.S., the *Master Plan* was proclaimed that soon—and indeed he had. While the ASTA press had sat and swooned, listening to his aides unfold the tourist dream, the Premier himself had been denouncing the very country whose citizens he was so ardently wooing. Said he: "We will dig in our trenches and fight from hill to hill to defend our revolution."

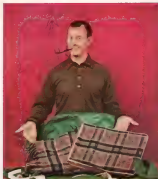
This seemed unbelievable, and most of the ASTA delegates apparently considered it so. Tuesday was given over to serious meetings, and on Wednesday the delegates were free to play, swim and travel, some even as far as Santiago, a 1,500-mile trip set up so that they would be back in time for a gala party Wednesday evening. Castro himself was off somewhere in Camaguey on a hush-hush mission. I went to Morro Castle to look at the spot where the Moirs had been blown up. "It was an accident," was the official line—and heard other high points of the war of liberation that followed: "the intervention" as now the preferred phrase. At El Salado, a beach near Barleventin, I saw the first beginnings of the string of resorts Castro's associates had described: a rakish central tower growing out of a nest of locker rooms complete with gleaming tiled showers, automatic hand-dryers; turquoise wrap and big fluffy towels; catnaps down the beach, the first of 50 to be built, sporting television sets, electric kitchens, air conditioning and maid service, all for \$15 a week, by contrast to the normal \$20 a day charged by hotels.

Cuba seemed almost herself again in those two days, but Wednesday afternoon the illusion ended. Out of the blue came an airplane showering the capital with anti-Castro bullets. Not tolerant of such point-of-view

(continued)



SWIRLING CASTRO is mobbed at ASTA party. Later, he blasted the U.S. on TV.



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criticism, Castro's forces opened fire with machine guns and antiaircraft shells. Two policemen in a squad car even tried knocking down the airborne interloper with pistol fire. Cadets planes rose to give chase, but one was hit by gunfire from the ground, and the intruder escaped. There were two street explosions, and two people were killed and 45 injured. Nobody's really suggested that these explosions had anything to do with the striding plane. Police charged, instead, that hand grenades had been thrown out of speeding cars at the sight of the leaflet rain.

SOME NEW VISITORS

Meanwhile in Camaguey, Castro himself was busy arresting an old revolutionary friend, Major Hubert Matos, who, disillusioned now by the turn the revolution had taken, had offered to resign and return to private life so that his four children "would not hear their father called a traitor in the streets." Matos and his entire staff, a group variously reported as anywhere from 15 to 35, were brought back to Havana's La Cabaña fortress.

None of this appeared to be an FBI's mind when he reappeared Wednesday night at the huge reception at the Havana Riviera Hotel tendered to the ASTA registration list, the combined Foreign Travel interests. But that same night evening rooms round past the Hilton demanding the death of all enemies of the revolution, and the next morning Castro's own paper, *Revolucion*, devoted its entire front page to the headline **THE PLANES CAME FROM THE U.S.**

Thursday night Castro again, his own tele-tube-brown crowd again, he went on the air in a wild four-hour television address. The leaflet planes had by this time become bombers based in the U.S., the street explosions bombs. The outrage, he shouted, could only be compared in infamy and in importance with the attacks Pearl Harbor and the blowing up of the *Missou*.

By now, there was feeling among many that these, too, were the chances of Cuba's marvelous tourist campaign. One who didn't think so, apparently, was Castro himself who, in spite of the developing events, appeared at ASTA's final business session on Saturday morning. And apparently equally oblivious of the

continued

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Left: Zero King, Right: Zero King, Middle: Zero King, Right: Zero King

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TRAVEL and Tourism

developing events, some ASTA men awarded him a plaque for his help in making the convention a success. Touched, he invited the inner ASTA circle to a sudden lunch in a penthouse perched high above Havana. Dates were broken as the delegates rushed to lunch with the new friendly Premier. But, alas, their new friend and host did not show up.

Then, with President Dorticos, he appeared at the final banquet Saturday night and listened while U.S. Ambassador Bernal got a rousing hand from the delegates. Bernal, in turn, listened while ASTA gave Castro the only honorary membership to be awarded in its 26-year history.

Three musical performances left both Havana and the delegates shamed. The first cab driver I talked to as the convention week had begun in Havana many days ago had said to me, "Getting tourists back here is up to you," "It isn't only up to us," I told him, and he understood. "If the big one will only close his mouth he will get tourists," he said. The last driver I talked to on the way to the airport said simply, "I would like to take my family and go with you. For 18 years I have been in this business, and for 18 years I have just sat around and waited for things to quiet down."

As the ASTA week ended, the week was far from over. If Cuba wanted tourists more than it wanted to play war, it was time to put away the daggers, sheathe the machetes and get a shave and a haircut. If it wanted to bring tourists to its beaches, to its fishing grounds, to its old Spanish towns, to its lovely green hills, it was time to stop firing hatred against the U.S.

Just a week to the day after Castro had asked the delegates at his opening meeting, he arrived at a rally of 300,000 loyalist followers, demanding from the skies by helicopter carrying a Belgian submachine gun. And then, with the compasses aimed for blood, the only honorary member of ASTA called for a return of the firing squads that had already killed 500, raged against "foreign vested interests," demanded independence for "our Puerto Rican brothers," excoriated the U.S., renewed time and time again to the "bombing of Cuba" and finally declared the damage to the Cuban economy caused by recent events. All the efforts of his regime to promote travel to Cuba, he noted sadly, had been in vain.

END



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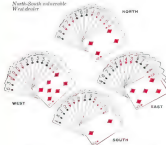
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

He forgot to duck

THIS WEEK'S episode in "The Perils of the Bridge Table" might properly be termed a canard. Probably more people would recognize this word *canard* as meaning a *beast* than know that its specific meaning in the French from which it derives is "a duck." The hand we are about to show qualifies under either meaning.

The duck is as familiar to bridge players as to ornithologists and French chefs. With a single stopper in the opponents' suit, most declarers know the value of holding it up as long as possible. More advanced players recognize the need to hold up with a double stopper. But perhaps it is too much to expect any declarer to recognize the museum-piece rarity when it is necessary to duck with a triple stopper. The South player who held today's hand did not wake up until after he forgot to duck.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	SA	1 N.T.
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	2 S.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: Spade 6

Some players will look scornfully at East's opening bid of one spade, but we have no fault to find with it. South's overall of one no trump is routine; it announces a balanced hand of 16 points or more, with adequate protection in spades. North's raise to two no trump is

fully justified. While he has only seven high-card points, his intermediate cards are worthy of note and his five-card suit is probably establishable.

West opened the spade 6 and East played the queen. South took the trick, then, naturally, started to clear the diamond suit, leading low from his own hand. West grabbed the king to lead another spade. South won and knocked out East's diamond ace. But a spade continuation removed declarer's third and last spade stopper, and the spade was that declarer came out with only eight tricks. He took three spades, three diamonds and two clubs but, as is plain to be seen, he had no time to establish a heart trick. When East got in with the heart ace he had two good spades to cash and the contract went down a trick.

Sound analysis will no doubt point out that against a perfect defense South could not avoid incurring a loss. But he could have made matters much stickier for his adversaries.

Suppose that South, despite his three stoppers in the spade suit, had ducked the first trick, permitting East to win with his queen!

It is true that East could shift to hearts and beat the contract, even though by doing so he would present South with an extra heart trick. East must win the first diamond lead and continue hearts; West must save his king of diamonds so that he has a long heart when he gets the lead.

Neither have we overlooked the fact that a club shift by East at trick two, if followed by the perfect defense thereafter, also brings about the defeat of the contract.

But do you consider that there is any real likelihood East would make either shift? The spots in the spade suit were such that the inducement to continue spades would be well-nigh irresistible. Declarer would win and lead a diamond. Now, however, if West took the trick he would not have another spade to return. And if East won the first diamond, the result would be no better from the defensive standpoint.

Even in the upper echelons of bridge the best defense is not always forthcoming. And if South concedes the very first trick to East, we would willingly back his chances in the pari-mutuel.

EXTRA TRICK

When you must decide whether to win or concede a trick, put yourself in your opponent's place and try to figure out what he is apt to do if he is allowed to hold the lead. Remember, he must make up his mind what to do looking at his hand—not yours.

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STAMPED



Pointers on partridge

This Milwaukee sportsman has a very special way to prepare ruffed grouse

FLARE DOWNS, the mallards coast in to their fruitless landings on the Milwaukee River just beyond the back lawn of John E. Schroeder's charming house in the River Hills section of Milwaukee. You can see the river from the sun porch, where rows of cookbooks vie for attention with a mounted 100-pound tarpon, the trophy of an expedition off the Florida Keys in 1911. In one corner is a built-in grill for the succulent game dishes which Schroeder enjoys cooking for the guests he and his wife Trude often entertain in this room.

Recently retired from the lumber business in Milwaukee, John Schroeder is tall, fit, and looks just the way you'd expect a man to look who once stroked the University of Wisconsin crew. He fell in love with the outdoors at the age of 16, when he traveled with timber crews and surveyors through the wild country of northern Wisconsin, Ontario and British Columbia. Over the years he has hunted a great variety of game in many parts of the continent, often accompanied by Trude and their children, John Jr. and Nancy, now married to another ardent Milwaukee sportsman, Robert Coburn.

Schroeder's favorite quarry is upland game birds, and for him the most sporting of these is the ruffed grouse—known in his section of the country as partridge—with its quick take-off and swift, evasive flight. This bird also suits him in the culinary sense, the meat being white and extremely delicate. His recipe for

charcoal-broiled ruffed grouse features an unusual stuffing which combines the flavors of orange zest and brandy with sage and onion. To have this delicious dish out of season, he offers the following advice on freezing: "In order to avoid 'locker burn' (a drying out and yellowing of the skin) it is best to leave the feathers on and simply draw the birds before they go into the freezer. They can be plucked or skinned after they thaw out and just before being broiled."

RUFFED GROUSE WITH BRANDIED ORANGE STUFFING *(for four)*

- 2 ruffed grouse, ready for cooking
- Livers from the grouse, chopped
- 2½ cups prepared sage-and-onion stuffing
- ¼ pound butter
- 6 tablespoons brandy
- 1½ tablespoons grated orange rind
- ¼ cup orange pulp
- 1 cup dried celery
- 1 egg, beaten
- Pinch of rosemary, marjoram, chervil
- Pepper and salt
- French dressing (made with 2 parts oil to 1 part wine vinegar or lemon juice)

Soak the sage-and-onion stuffing with the chopped livers in 2 tablespoons of butter for a few minutes. Mix in the brandy, orange rind and pulp, and set this aside. Soak the dried celery briefly in 2 tablespoons of butter and add the remaining butter, melted, the beaten egg, the herbs, and salt and pepper to taste. Blend thoroughly with the stuffing mixture and stuff the grouse.

Truss the birds and place on rotisserie. Brush with French dressing at the start of cooking and every 15 minutes until done. Use a moderate fire of charcoal briquettes—one layer, scattered—and keep the birds about 3 inches from the charcoal. Under these conditions, partridge birds should take about 75 minutes to broil. Do not overcook or they will lose flavor. After removing from fire, dash a small amount of brandy over the birds and cut them in half with game shears.



TRUSSING GROUSE: Carefully place charcoal fire on spit that revolves automatically, and keep moist by being basted with French dressing.



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Photographs by Jerry Gable



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Tip from the Top

BILL WITHERSPOON, Southern Hills CC, Tulsa

The late hit

IT IS COMMONLY KNOWN that strong, flexible hands and wrists often prove to be the difference between an average and a good player. Some specialized exercising can be done to tone up these golfing muscles and open the avenue to greater power. For example, hold the club in your left hand with the thumb on top of the shaft, the arm extended and parallel with the ground. Now, bending only the wrist, move and lower the club. If you spend a few minutes daily doing this exercise you will be pleasantly surprised at how much your control over the club will improve in a very short time. This same exercise should be done with the right hand but not as frequently as with the left. The right is stronger to begin with, and we are attempting to balance the power.

With hands that are strong enough you can work toward the action from which length results. Maintaining a wrist break on the downswing until the hands are opposite the ball—the late hit—is the trademark of all good golfers. Getting into position for the late hit isn't too difficult. The skill comes in having the club face contact the ball squarely, and this is where many golfers fail. In this position just before impact, if the left hand were carried through the ball at the speed it was traveling at up to this point, the result would be a weak slice. It is here, however, just before impact, that the left hand begins to supinate, to turn over so that the palm will be facing up to the sky at the end of the swing. This action of the left hand causes the right to accelerate its speed enormously and carries the clubhead into the ball with maximum force.

Immediately after the ball is contacted—it is all part of one uninterrupted swing, of course—both arms continue on and through, with the right being the new leader, passing the left as the left begins to break at the elbow.



Exercise for developing the hands and wrists



Position of hands shortly after impact

NEXT TIP: George Witherspoon's remedy for sticking



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UP SQUASH! DOWN

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

Illustration by MICHAEL LEWIS

MY GRANDFATHER, who had a noticeably aristocratic turn of mind, once said to me: "When you get to college, boy, don't let them talk you into playing football. In the first place, it's dangerous. In the second place, it's time-consuming. And in the third place, it will get you involved with all the wrong sort of people."

The remark, though crotchety and old-fashioned, always struck me as amazing, and until recently I never took his admonitions very seriously or gave them much thought at all. But a few weeks ago I happened to overhear a well-brushed covey of South girls discussing whether they would or would not accept an invitation to attend the Penn Dartmouth football game, which, as everybody knows—or I think everybody knows

—was played in Philadelphia this year.

"I really think we ought to go," said one girl to the others. "Believe it or not, Penn's parties have come up quite a bit lately."

"Penn itself has come up," another agreed. "But, still, I don't know. It seems a terrible risk to take—to go all that way and perhaps be bored."

"Believe me," the first girl said, "Penn has come way, way up."

Fascinated, I wandered toward them. In the ranchiest manner I used to employ in my own college days to imply that I, all along, had somehow been a part of the conver-



UP

1. Sports
2. Tennis
3. Lacrosse
4. Hockey
5. Soccer
6. Chess
7. Fencing
8. Wrestling
9. Rugby
10. Football

DOWN

1. Swimming
2. Golf
3. Skiing
4. Polo
5. Track
6. Water polo
7. Unconformity
8. Basketball
9. Gymnastics
10. Baseball

BASEBALL!

In eastern colleges come sports confer status, and others destroy it. Surprisingly, skiing and polo are on the descending escalator. Football, contrarily, got so far Down it had to go Up



action, I said, "By the way—just what do you mean by *up*?"

"Well," said the first girl, "I mean—well, *up*. Up in—" she grasped for the right word—"up in importance, I guess. Up in whether you'll have a good time when you get there."

"You mean *up* socially?" I suggested.

"Well, sort of."

"Who else is up?" I asked.

"Well," she said, thinking, "Brown has come up quite a bit. Brown used to be perfectly dreadful."

"Partywise?" I asked.

"Everythingwise," she said. "Borewite, Borewite. You-name-it-wis. But lately Brown has gotten, well—really rather nice. Some people think

Trisity has come up, too," she said, "but not me. I see no changes in Trisity. They still run up and down the stairs at Trisity parties, yelling and banging the walls with their fists as they go. And if you want to know a place that's gone way down, as far as everybody is concerned, it's Cornell. Cornell used to be considered fun, but now, honestly, Cornell is too ghastly for words."

The most *up* college in the East is the Smith girls' opinion—or, rather, the college that was so secure in its upness that movement up or down seemed not even worth considering—was Yale. Princeton was a close second, Williams a close third, Harvard a poor fourth. ("I'd almost put MIT ahead of Harvard," said one girl.) They added, "Oh, yes, and of course there's Amherst," and they spoke of it with a disdain that I gathered

sprang from the fact that Amherst—seven miles from Northampton—was so close as to be indistinguishable from Smith on weekends.

During the football season it was the relative upness of the colleges whose teams were playing that counted where the girls were concerned—not the game. "I really don't understand football anyway," one girl said. "The only reason I go is—well, it's fun to see people you know in the stadium, and you can find out who's going to which parties afterward. I never pay any attention to the game. If somebody next to me yells or cheers, I say, 'Goodness me, what happened?' The only moving, really moving, part of the game is when somebody gets hurt and has to be carried off the field. Then I think: What a shame, what a waste, what a foolish game! All through his life that boy will have a broken nose or false front teeth. Oh, I suppose it would be different if any of the players were anyone I knew. But almost always they're boys I've never met."

This episode started me on a chain of thought, the links of which I will now describe. The idea that our most august institutions of higher education are in a condition of perpetual social flux, subtly moving into a state

continued

of grace and out again, was new to me. But it didn't take me long to realize that whether a college is Up or Down depends entirely on where you're standing and when you ask. From the campus of Smith, Yale may be Up, but it is not necessarily so from the campus of Radcliffe. Dartmouth may be out of fashion at Bennett Junior College, but it is not at Colby Junior College. To me the more interesting thought was that the college football weekend—the very symbol of college social life—no longer seemed to revolve around the quality of the football team, the prowess of some individual players, the excitement of seeing ancient rivalries brought to the test again under bright autumn skies or even the slightest degree of interest in the game itself. Was college football on the way Down, I wondered? If so, what sports were Up, in its place? I thought of the Smith girl's remark about enjoying football games more if "anyone she knew" were on the team. I thought of Grandfather. Had the social standing of football players dropped to such a point that no one spoke to them any more? Did the sport a man played determine his position in the college community? Was selecting a sport as delicately chancy a business as selecting a fraternity? Could water polo be construed as a geffe, like using the wrong lock?

With these questions tugging at my curiosity, I began what I consider to be an extensive and thorough exploration of the athletic scene at eastern colleges. I have emerged from this research unbruised, and with what I think are some enlightening conclusions.

I learned, for one thing, that on most college campuses there are three distinct categories of male students. There are the Up guys, the Down guys and a third group popularly known as the straight arrows. An Up guy is a guy who, with a trick of manner—a kind of clear, blasé self-assurance—is able to convince other guys that whatever thing he is doing is the most worthwhile and engaging thing, while the thing that they (like other guys) are doing is probably kind of silly, if not actually stupid. Down guys are simply guys who do not possess this trick of manner. Nobody blames Down guys. (Down guys can't help it if nature, or some other inscrutable force, failed to endow them with the

special luxuriance of mind and spirit that Up guys seem to have.) Down guys may be good guys, but Up guys are better guys. The straight arrows, as their name implies, are in the middle. They are the fence sitters, the controversy straddlers. Straight arrows play it safe. They are on everybody's side. As tides in campus affairs turn, so do they, but not enough to endanger their center-of-the-road position. (If straight arrows had any strength of character everybody would desert them; since they haven't any, everybody tolerates them good-naturedly.) There are always more Down guys than Up guys. But the fact that Up guys are Up (plus the fact that a substantial number of straight arrows swim in the Up guys' wake) gives them stature and influence. They are the thought-leaders.

Just as there are Up guys and Down guys, so are there Up sports and Down sports. The system is not as simple as the one Nancy Mitford devised, in which people and things were sorted into two bins, Upper Class and non-Upper Class or—as she abbreviated them—U and non-U. The dividing line that I have discovered is somewhat similar, but what exists on either side of it is quite different. Up sports and Down sports are not static categories, not as easily separable as Up guys and Down guys. Instead, they are like two department store escalators moving in opposite directions, side by side. There are degrees, in other words. If you picture a number of college sports spread out like passengers on the moving stairs, you can see that the result is a hierarchy or, strictly speaking, a pair of hierarchies—one ascending, the other descending.

Also, unlike Miss Mitford's categories, the various social levels of college sports have no relation to social upness and downness that may exist in the world outside. Wealth and lineage, that is, are not, to the youth on college campuses, the sort of considerations that they may become in later life at Palm Beach. A whole infield full of Biddies and Rockefellers would not make baseball an Up sport at Princeton. The requirements are more democratic nowadays than they were in my grandfather's time, but they are also more complicated.

Before proceeding further, I ought to explain that in my survey I limited myself to what I considered to be the 20 most commonly played college

sports. No sport that does not have an official or semi-official status on a majority of eastern college campuses is included. Though there are distinct social gradations between such extracollegiate sports as lawn bowls, court tennis, sky-diving, roller skating, mountaineering, cricket, cycling, chess, pigsticking, yachting, fox hunting, beagling, bowling and falconry, I have omitted any discussion of these because I considered them too special, too apt to cloud the general picture.

It is also important to remember that positions on the Up and Down scale keep changing. One reason for this is that Up guys and Down guys do not make Up sports and Down sports. It is more commonly the sport that makes the man, though it can work both ways. For instance, a sport that is played only by Up guys is apt to be an Up sport, but notice that I am careful to say "apt to be." Some sports played only by Down guys can also be Up sports. Some sports will always be Up sports, no matter who plays them. Their positions are secured by time and tradition, e.g., tennis. There is another factor, too, that affects the rank of certain sports: girls. If I may refine my metaphor a bit, then, the two escalators are like department store escalators on Saturday afternoon when they are crowded with unruly children. Some of the children are charging up the down escalator. Others try to race down the up one. The effect is chaotic, and so it is with college sports. Though some sports have shown great stability in recent years, others have fluctuated wildly.

Perhaps it is easier to understand what makes a sport Up when you understand what makes a sport Down: A sport can be Down for any one of three reasons:

- 1) Any sport that is Up as a high school sport is Down as a college sport, e.g., basketball.
- 2) Any sport that is elaborate, that requires paraphernalia, special equipment or money, is a Down sport. (Polo, the most Up of adult sports from Newport to Pebble Beach, enjoys a lowly position at colleges for this reason. "Polo is strictly for social climbers," observes a Williams man. Social climbing is a Down sport.)
- 3) Finally, any sport is a Down sport if it is inordinately popular with a large section of the American public, the kind of sport that attracts a following of beer-drinking, hot-dog-

continued

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crunching fans, that consumes quantities of newspaper space and television time. Baseball, the "national pastime," is in the collar spot on most campuses for this season.

An Up sport is a chess sport, a gentlemanly sport but, more than anything else, it must be a casual sport. It must not take itself too seriously. (Sports car racing, if that were a college sport, would be a Down sport.) Generally speaking, any sport at which the onlookers are called spectators is an Up sport, and any sport at which the onlookers show their approval by clapping, rather than cheering, is an Up sport. Enthusiasm, excess zeal—called "gung ho"—is out of fashion these days. Sports where the contest is called a match rather than a game or meet are likely to be Up sports. Sports where it isn't the team or who wins or loses but how you play the game that counts are Up sports. Any sport that attracts a small but fiercely loyal band of devotees or aficionados who can converse in that sport's private language and which has built up around it, like steel music, not only its own vocabulary but its own aura of mystery, is an Up sport. Jai alai, if it were a college sport, would be an Up sport. The high position of fencing on the Up list is explained by this. Finally, any sport that was an Up sport as a prep school sport (not to be confused with a high school sport) is likely to be an Up sport as a college sport, too, e.g., hockey and soccer. This is because the line that divides eastern prep schools and eastern colleges is in so many places so fine, so thin.

Learning to negotiate one's way among the Ups and Downs requires some fancy footwork. It is almost a game in itself. As in a sport, knowing the rules is not enough. The student who wishes to be on top of the situation can only get there with practice. To give you an idea of how important it is to know the ropes, I would like to cite now a couple of case histories. To make things easier and, at the same time, to preserve the anonymity of the men involved, I shall call these the cases of Arthur A. and Bradley B.

Arthur A. came to College X as a freshman in the fall of 1958. "I considered myself a typical, all-around American college boy," Arthur says, "in A-1 physical condition except for the glasses which I only need to wear

while reading. At high school I was a pretty good athlete. I was too light for football, but I was fast, so when I got to college I decided to go out for cross-country." At first, Arthur reports, all seemed well. Then, as weeks passed, he began to notice what he describes as "a kind of gradual numbness" on the part of his friends and fellow students "every time the word cross-country came into the conversation. I'd mention what we did at practice that day, and they'd all start clearing their throats. I didn't know what was wrong."

One night, describing the latest freshman cross-country meet to a Saturday night date from a neighboring girls' school, Arthur observed another curious thing. After a few moments of seemingly intense interest his date suddenly yawned; then her eyes began to wander aimlessly about the room. Arthur stopped talking, feeling hurt, and after a while she said, "Yes, go on." But, though he did go on, he felt sure that he was not really holding her interest. "I could tell I was boring her," he says. "I thought to myself that this was the wrong girl for me. Little did I realize

at the time that the real trouble was that cross-country was the wrong sport."

As soon as he gracefully could—which, of course, was not until the season had ended—Arthur switched sports. "I decided to go out for something interesting," he says, "something that would help make a name for me in the college community. I decided it should be a specialized sort of sport, and I chose swimming." It was shortly after this decision that Arthur received the following letter from a girl—a different girl, one whom he had dated casually during the fall—whom I shall call Alice:

Dear Arthur:

I am awfully afraid I shan't be able to come up to your Winter Weekend. I considered telling you that I had broken my arm or my leg or my collarbone, but I have decided to be perfectly truthful with you because I respect you as a person. The fact is, Arthur, that I cannot bear the idea of going to watch the freshman swimming meet which you say will be the "highlight" of the week-

continued



"Everything is so hushed, whenever I have no reason to be upset."

and. Maybe it will be for you, but it would not be for me. Everything is so hamid at swimming meets that unless I wear dangerous whatever I have on comes all unpressed and my realoup trips. The air is so damp I can't even get my cigarettes lighted, and then when I do finally get them lighted I remember smoking is not allowed. Though you would be on the team and I would be in the gallery with your roommate I suppose, I would probably not even recognize you, Arthur, in your tank suit. So it seems rather fruitless, doesn't it?

Sincerely,
Alice

Arthur had had his second bitter

taste of what it feels like to be a Downspoutman.

When spring came, Arthur made another decision: another disastrous one, as it turned out. He decided to take up golf. "Nobody told me that nobody plays golf," he says. "I was really out of things then. My mistake was at its lowest ebb."

Reflecting recently on his unsuccessful freshman year, Arthur said, "My big mistake was in the winter term. Instead of swimming I should have tried something wintery, like skiing." In this remark, unfortunately, Arthur reveals himself to be a person who is strangely Downspout-prone. Skiing, which was an Up sport once, is definitely a Down sport now. It is Down for Reason 3—too popular with too many people. The downward swing was signaled a few years

ago when skiing buffs, in order to find room to ski, had to turn their backs to the wintry slopes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont and head west to places like Aspen, and the valleys Sun and Squas, the eastern carousels of first, small, sour looks at skiing as a sport were taken as freely as two years ago. Last year skiing plunged drastically out of fashion at several colleges. It even dropped somewhat at Dartmouth. This year it is predicted that the drop will be even more severe.

A more satisfactory winter sport for Arthur to have chosen would have been, oddly enough, wrestling. Wrestling, which by every rule should be a Down sport, is coming up. The reason for its climb appears to be that, unlike the television variety, college

continued

"... to meet old friends, to pass around the blarney, to handle in top robes and heavy coats."





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UP and DOWN continued

wrestling is supported by a small but extremely earnest and intense group of young men. It has its ardent devotees among the girls, too. "I always insist that my date take me to the wrestling matches!" writes a Connecticut College for Women girl with a fondness for emphasis points and underlining. "To me, it is an utterly fascinating sport, utterly exciting!! It's the only sport that excites me. It does to me what Tennessee Williams does to me in the theater!!!"

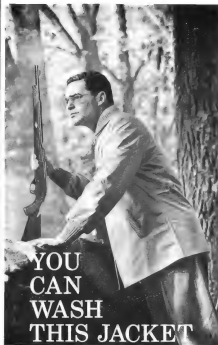
Now let us consider the career of Bradley B., a contemporary of Arthur A., who entered College Y at the same time—in the fall of last year. Bradley showed right off that he was Up-directed: during the fall term he went out for no sports at all. "I figured I would use that time," he says, "to get the lay of the land, and," he adds significantly, "to get things up." By the time the first snowflakes were in the air, however, he had decided, for his winter sport, "to play a little squash." In the manner of a true squash player, and the true Up sportsman, he speaks disparagingly of his prowess as a racketman. "I did it mostly to keep in shape," he says with a shrug. In the spring, of course, he "played a little tennis" for the same reason. As Up sports, squash and tennis are extremely hard to beat. They have the breezy, casual air about them that is so important. They are suffused with an aura of easygoing good-fellowship and good manners. (As a North Shore Long Island lady has said, "I'm always delighted to throw the house open to the young men who come up to the club for Tennis Week—even if I don't know them. Of course, I'd hardly want to throw the house open to a group of golfers. That would be quite, quite different.") A member of Amherst's tennis squad has said, "The nice thing about the racket sports is they look easy to play but aren't; that keeps the duffers out of the game." Bradley B. is a thoughtful moment, and recently, "I would say tennis is a more important sport than squash. You play it in the spring, which is the most important time of year to make a good impression if you're looking for invitations to June coming-out parties."

A few years ago Bradley's counterpart might have become an outman for the college crew and have achieved

the same level of Upness. Today, crew is an itty-bitty choice. It is another of those sports that have been sliding down the Up list but in this case no one is quite sure why. The disintegration of the Yale-Harvard Regatta as a social event may be one reason. (What was a chic affair in the '20s has gradually turned into a general traffic jam that ties up all roadways, railways and riverways around New London, Conn.) "Too many alumni have been getting into the act," explains a Yale insider. (Whatever the reason, crew is a good sport to shun for the time being, as Bradley B. was astute enough to realize. (At this writing, incidentally, Bradley B.'s future is assured. He is at present taking his time weighing a clutch of fraternity bids; he is the incarnation of all the best that Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Bennington, Sarah Lawrence and a couple of junior colleges have to offer, and he is "playing a little soccer to keep in shape for the Christmas parties.")

A northern spring sport that, like crew, has suffered from overcrowding is Rugby. And Rugby, alas, is going down before it had a chance to get very far up. For one thing, Rugby failed to get an official athletic department stamp at a number of colleges and so remained in a kind of dim-hall-world-of-sports. For another thing, on most campuses, Rugby players were seldom asked to learn how to play Rugby—the major requirement of the game had been the ability to muster round-trip plane fare to Bermuda for College Week. For many years College Week was easy and gay and giddy. Then, slowly, the tiny Atlantic archipelago that had been the traditional glamour capital of Rugby began noticing great annual increases in the number of Rugby and non-Rugby players. Soon College Week became more crowded than the Yale-Harvard Regatta, more wild-eyed than Derby Day, Yale's famous (and now defunct) rite of spring. Today, College Week sits in the middle of Bermuda's sunny no-man's-land like a drunk at a tea party. "I've gone to my last College Week," says a Princeton sophomore. "You can't believe what it's like. The hotels are all filled, so guys sleep under rocks on the beach. If you're lucky enough to have a room you're expected to share it with 20 other guys. The bar at the Elbow Beach Club is packed three

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people deep and filled with armed security guards who try to keep order. And the girls! College girls don't go there any more. My blind date was a CPA from Chicago. For my money, the whole Rugby thing has gone way, way down."

Still, Rugby seems to deserve a place on the prestige scale a notch above football. Mike Grean, Yale '58, who took up Rugby when a leg injury forced him to drop out of the varsity football team in his senior year, and became quite an accomplished player, says: "Yes, when I quit football for Rugby I noticed that my stock on campus immediately went up. It didn't go up much, of course—just enough for me to notice it. I could hold my head a little higher." Former Fullback Grean, who was a co-captain of his high school team, adds: "Of course, I missed football. But the extra little boost of prestige I got from playing Rugby almost made up for it."

The spring sport that appears to be moving up to take Rugby's place (and perhaps the place of crew as well) is lacrosse. It may be the great Up-aping sport of tomorrow.

By now the discerning reader has probably noticed that I have so far avoided any discussion of football and its position on the scale, and perhaps has wondered why. My delay was deliberate. I was saving football until last. For it is about football that my most significant, and startling, conclusions have been drawn.

I felt that football deserved a long, steady look. It deserved a serious look, and a tender look. Often called King Football, the sport is, if not the mainstay, certainly the most enduring emblem of college life. For years football games have been the centers of huge, happy and sentimental gatherings. Weekend after weekend, year after year, the packed station wagons have threaded their way across the New England landscape toward the famous stadiums and bowls. Though all seemed well with football, to many of us there appeared signs that, at its heart, football was sickening—that it was moving slowly down the list. Many observers—misled by the steady flow of station wagons and the undiminished size of the Saturday crowds—denied this. What they failed to realize was that the crowds weren't gathering to watch football. They were gathering to meet old

friends at Portal 9, to pass around the thermos of Martinis, to bundle in lap robes and beaver coats, to take movies of airplanes skywriting overhead, to wear big orange chrysanthemums, to hear the band play at the hall, to wander over to Zeta Psi when the game was over.

During the games cheering sections failed to materialize, or if they showed up failed to make themselves heard across the field. Cheerleaders flapped hopelessly about, tagging, as kittens do with balls of string, far ahead of enthusiasm. Brilliant plays went unnoticed by larger and larger sections of the stands. Increasing numbers of spectators began to make a habit, in the final quarter, of heading for the parking lot before the game was over, to beat the crowds, calling, "Let us know how it comes out. See you at the Zeta house!" College newspaper editors editorialized halfheartedly about "apathy," and Friday nights were given over to listless pep rallies. The social standing of football on the campus went down and down.

After World War II, when returning veterans—most of whom considered football kid stuff—flooded the campuses, football went lower still. Football players began to be openly,



Believe it or not, the Volkswagen Station Wagon is only a few inches longer than the VW Sedan and a good four feet shorter than

and loudly, kidded and lampooned. They became the butt of every joke. College humor magazines depicted them as apes, as Neanderthals, as long-haired dimwits who were able to stay in college only if they took the simplest gut courses and received elaborate scholastic coaching from their friends. If a particular fraternity happened to attract mostly football players to its membership, it became quickly known as The Ape House, or The Gorilla Cage, or The Jungle Club. College professors, rather than seeking to give football players a break, often seemed to be purposely giving them a harder time than other students, calling on them to recite extensively, ridiculing them if they made mistakes. Musclehead and meathard became popular expressions of derogation.

In the '20s and '30s, girls from Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, etc. were the football hero's for the asking. In the late '40s and '50s, the football player—no hero any more—had trouble finding himself a date. "Quite frankly, they don't make good weekend dates," says a Wellesley girl. "If they're on the team you have to go to the game with one of their friends. After the game, if they're not banged

up somehow, they're tired. Their training rules mean they don't have much fun at parties. They go to sleep, and there you are."

During the week, too, life at the training table had the effect of isolating the football player from his fellow students. Lonely and neglected, he sought the only company that was available to him—the company of other football players. In the days following the first Sputnik, intellectuals made a belated return to fashion on most college campuses. Football, already a Down sport, fell several notches. Then, very recently, a strange and wonderful thing began to happen to football. It started up. In a way, this was inevitable.

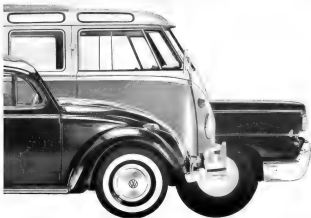
WHAT had happened, you see, was that football—behind the deceptive mask of the tens of thousands who thronged to the stadiums every Saturday presumably to see football but actually to see each other—had become a sport that was supported only by a small, loyal and dedicated band of aficionados—the players, the coaches, the players' immediate families and close friends. And such a sport, of course, is an Up sport. As in department stores, the end of the

down escalator is only a short step from the beginning of the up.

This is the state of football this fall—coming back into vogue but with modifications, like the chemise. I confidently predict that football will rise on the list, earning, in a few seasons' time, its rightful place again at the top of the list, above tennis. There are still plenty of detractors, of course. Madeleine Faunce, 19, a tall, dark-haired senior at Bennett, says: "Football players fail to impress me, frankly. And I don't care for the game. I adore tennis. To me, a football player is a great big overdeveloped blob of a thing. If a boy asks me for a date the things I take into consideration are: his school, his fraternity—some fraternities have gone way down, you know—and whether he's interesting and nice. If he plays football, though, I'm immediately suspicious." Miss Faunce adds, "Of course, I'm not really athletically minded. We have required sports at Bennett. I play badminton all year long."

But from Cindy Blanke, a pretty 17-year-old who is a senior at Rosemary Hall, a girls' boarding school in Connecticut, comes a slightly younger point of view—and a more

continued



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UP and DOWN motion

positive one. "I like to watch a football game," she says a little defensively. "And, though I guess you'd say I'm sort of going steady, let me say that if a boy who played football asked me for a date, well, I wouldn't hold the fact that he played football against him." Miss Blake's favorite sports, however, are tennis, lacrosse, hockey.

Meanwhile, at the men's colleges, football is on the threshold of a new era—the era of the college football player. An example of this student new breed is Bill Gundy, captain of the Dartmouth team. Gundy is earnest and articulate about his sport, his education, and his plans for the future. "The more intelligent a man is the better football player he makes," Gundy says. "To play football well you have to be alert and able to think fast. If a guy is generally a dope he will be a dope on the football field." Gundy is a little wistful about the state he found football in when he first came to Dartmouth. "I came here from a public high school where football was *deezing* living," he says, "and I won't deny that it was a real shock to find that Dartmouth had a couldn't-care-less attitude about it. You can feel it, you know, when you're down there—a kind of lack of interest from the stands. But I've gotten used to it."

People like Bill Gundy are helping push football back up the prestige scale. I can't help wondering what further changes will occur to the game as it moves up from the murky pit of disrepute into the airy reaches of acceptability.

Who knows? Perhaps in its climb some rather unexpected things will happen. Perhaps instead of jumping from their seats, waving banners and shouting cheers future fans will approve an occasional play with a round of polite applause. Stadiums will shrink in size, and the fans, now called spectators, will sit in folding chairs beneath green-and-white striped awnings. After the game little groups will gather to discuss, over lighted pipes and espresso, the various plays—now, perhaps, called moves. I'm not saying that such a day is here. But it could come.

A sign of the times: As football is mounting the scale of college sports, cheerleading is moving humbly down. Grandfather would have approved.

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THE whaleboat was designed to be a working craft. But she had beauty and speed in her lines, and was the best sea boat ever built. Over two generations ago proud whalemen decided to test the speed of their craft. The result was a series of famous whaleboat races that stirred the hearts of seafaring New Englanders in the late nineteenth century.

The spiritual mother of the whaleboat was the Indian canoe. Unlike most boats intended to be fast, the whaleboat's capability for speed was only one of its many superb characteristics. The whaleboat was a double-ender, with both ends sharp. Her length was from 28 to 30 feet, the beam 5½ feet and the weight from 100 to 600 pounds; she carried a crew of six men who together weighed a thousand pounds more.

Clifford W. Ashley, a New Bedford artist who went whaling, described whaleboats in accents of loving admiration: "A whaleboat had no dead-

wood aft, as this would interfere with quick turning. There was a very pronounced sheer and the 'run' (after-body) was considerably finer than the 'entrance' (forward end)."

The timbers were of thin, steamed and bent white oak, the planks of white cedar, the coiling, thwarts and platforms of white pine. For its size and strength, the whaleboat was lithe and light, built so because even the heaviest boat would be smashed as easily by a whale's flukes—this being so, the proper thing was to seek maneuverability, swiftness, and all-round capability in the open sea.

One of the crew of six was the boat-header, referred to as the captain in the whaleboat races, who stood in the stern and steered with an oar from 20 to 23 feet long. The longest oars in sea duty were those of the whaleboat, and of these the steering oar was longest by two to five feet.

The five oarsmen sat one to each thwart, and each sat not in the middle but at the full width of the boat from his rowlock. This arrangement was necessary for the balance of the rowing and increased the fineness with which the boat could be handled. One

long oar (18 feet) and two short (16 feet) oars were pulled on one side against two medium-length oars (17 feet) on the other. Usually the three were on the starboard side. The business of rowing in a whaleboat was complicated for green hands by the fact that they could lift their oars only with effort and discomfort.

The first of what may be termed an historic sequence of whaleboat races took place on July 4, 1875 in New Bedford. New Bedford was the great whaling center, and the ports of Edgartown and Vineyard Haven on the island of Martha's Vineyard, though distinctly secondary, had produced an amazing number of successful whalemen. The necessary germ of rivalry lay here, and it happened that the newly fashionable summer resort of Oak Bluffs offered a deep-water course, with open sea conditions parallel to high ground ashore and in full view of the multitudes.

THEY ALL CAME

No whalemen up to then had imagined a whaleboat named *Lentils*, but here was one, and from Quaker New Bedford; here too were the *Mercers*, painted purple; *Squid*, yellow; and from Fairhaven, the town across the river from New Bedford, *Black Fixed*, painted, of course, black.

There were eight entries, and the Martha's Vineyard boat had been named in perverse humor *Lark of All*.

continued

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WHALEBOATS continued

Pyrex were posted in the amounts of \$50, \$25, \$15, and \$10, and the course was two miles around a stake boat to the starting line. Along the bluff the spectators clattered and yelled until the shore of Vineyard Sound became as noisy as a bull game.

The gallery that day was augmented by a notable spectator fleet that included the immortal cup yacht *Aurora*, General Benjamin Franklin Butler, master, and the ship *Albatross*, M. Charles S. Stratton, better known as General Tom Thumb, master. Tom Thumb, about 3 feet tall, paced the deck of his yacht, and Ben Butler, considerably taller, stood under the Chinese lanterns that decorated the *Aurora* from boom end to bowsprit.

A pistol shot punctured the air and the whaleboats were off. That is, all were off except the Vineyard boat, the crew of which were engaged in an argument. The cause of the dispute is lost in history's mists. But it was settled when Isaac Norton, a young man raised on a farm, got into the boat and took the deadly middleship (long) ear. Off went the late starter in the wake of the others.

A NEAR MISS FOR VINEYARD

In a little while the Vineyard boat passed the *Nesad*, then she shot by the *ex-Lavette*. She had little trouble getting by *Black Hawk*, *Melrose*, and *Carrier*, but it took more pulling to overtake *Windsor*. After the turn around the stake boat an unfavorable wind and strong head tide made the going more rugged. At the finish line, *South Wind*, the strong favorite, led with elapsed time of 29 minutes 30 seconds. The Vineyard entry finished with a time of 22 minutes 30 seconds—only 10 seconds ahead of *Windsor*. The trailing whaleboats took 25 minutes for the course.

There was so much honest thrill in this contest and others that followed, and so beautiful a combination of strength, endurance and skill, that whaleboat racing seemed marked for a brilliant future. When a race was scheduled at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in early September 1876, the new sport suddenly gave into national prominence.

Elaborate preparations were made and three New Bedford crews went down to Philadelphia. The *Starb* Ward outfit wore white shirts and blue pantaloons, the shirts of the

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Centennials were also white, and those of the Vantas were blue. All oarsmen wore white handkerchiefs about their heads, and the boatheaders donned fancy turbans and body rashes. If those costumes sound a bit gaudy for the strong men of whaling it may be recalled that one New Bedford whale ship, embarking on a long Pacific voyage, drifted out into the stream to the gay music of *Pineapple* played by a band on the deck. The captain's wife was aboard.

There were 35,473 paid admissions to the exposition that day, and contemporary reports say that the big



HOOKEO fast to whale on a Nantucket skiff ride, trim whaleboat skims over the waves at a terrifying rate of speed.

crowds lining the Schuylkill River were in a state of excitement. The first start of the New Bedford crew was a bad one, but they were recalled and got off the second time in good shape. Cries were heard of "Whale ahead!" and "There she blows!"

The *Sink Ward* worked ahead by half a length; then the *Centennial* crew drew even. *Vesta* pulled up, and the race was anybody's. *Centennial* rounded the flagpost first, followed by *Sink Ward* and *Vesta*. *Vesta* finally gained a length and held this lead until the finish, making a time of 25 minutes and 51 seconds for a distance that was not recorded in press dispatches.

The *Vesta* men got \$100. The others got nothing. This was a cause for dissatisfaction, and in general the outcome seemed indecisive. The race had been a good show, but the waters of the Schuylkill, lacking salt,

continued

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SAAB MOTORS INC., 405 Park Avenue, New York 22

WHALEBOATS not used

were not a proper fluid for whaleboats. Perhaps, too, the whaleboats were not set off enough from the other fair attractions, such as the Centennial chimneys, silkworms, Egyptian mummies, electromagnetic orchestra and kiosk of stuffed birds.

While the New Bedford crew was racing, the Norton, the young Vineyard man, went to see Uriah Morse, one of the great whaleboat builders. Norton ordered a fast whaleboat from Morse, one that could be used for racing. As Norton told Morse, the boat would never have to go to the Pacific in search of whales. Morse observed all the rules, but he built into his whaleboat his own mystery of speed. He produced a masterpiece. It bore the appropriate name, *Oak Bluffs*.

In August 1877, the first great test for the *Oak Bluffs* came. The *South Ward*, cocky despite the upset at Philadelphia the previous September, was back to race at Oak Bluffs. Here also appeared the *South Ward Jr.*, and two others representing the Vineyard, Norton's *Red Bluffs* and the *Tusker*.

At the signal, off went the *South Ward*, taking a good lead, as expected. But in about a quarter of a mile *Oak Bluffs* drew even. For all of three minutes the two whaleboats fought it out, beam-on-beam. Then *Oak Bluffs* shot out front and stayed out front for the rest of the course. The Norton held the long steering arc under his arm and, leaning over, added his weight and strength to the other one.

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Ike and his boys were not only slick-out fancy shirts, but they raced, as always, in their bare feet.

The course for this race measured two miles and a half, and the sea was rough. The winning time was 24 minutes 50 seconds; Sixth Ward, in second place, had been able to clap off only 27 minutes 55 seconds.

The margin by which the famous Sixth Ward had been beaten was sensational, and many a longshore expert scrutinized the new whaleboat Urish Moose had built for Ike and his boys. But no one could discover any deviation from the standard design and construction of an able whaleboat. She was regulation in all respects—no far as any eye could see.

THE UNDERHAND SECRET

What couldn't be seen was this: Urish Moose had made the thwarts of oak and he had put no supports under them. When the surges pulled, an irresistible collective force was transmitted to those caken thwarts. They yielded, they sprang, they gave a little, and in doing so they pulled in the sides of the boat just enough to make the whaleboat a trifle more slender and more like her spiritual mother, the Indian canoe.

After Ike Norton beat the Sixth Ward again the next summer, their rivalry was then directed toward the Fourth of July races on the Amesket River at New Bedford, which would open the 1879 season. Ike Norton's boys raised their craft to the top,

—JOHN WARD



swift-moving craft, straining mightily to get within harpooning range of a whale.

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WHALEBOATS continued

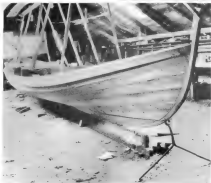
and tradition recounts that they left the Vineyard dock later than the steambest, overtook her and rowed ahead of her all the way, a distance of almost 35 miles. It helped some that they did not have to observe channel buoys.

That on that July Fourth was rough, even in the Acushnet, and the start of other classes is the negatta was postponed for more favorable conditions. This gave the whaleboats a rightful priority. They could not be stopped by anything in the weather line. But the Scott Ward and Scott Ward Jr. demanded that the prize

was in the stern. The boat lifted right out of the water as they pulled her through the waves.

In practice sometimes, like's brother Cyrus had broken an ear, and the confusion from time to time. "Don't break your ear, Cyrus!" Now, as the champion whaleboat from Oak Bluffs crossed the finish line after making, in that day's heavy seas, the fastest time ever known at New Bedford, like called out, "Break your ear, Cyrus!" and Cyrus cupped the blade once again before the eyes of all that gathered, and the long ribbing ear was snapped apart in two places.

The time—two miles in 17 minutes and 18 seconds—stands as a record



ELEGANT lines of a phantom ship with a sharp prow at both ends. The strong, like construction permitted swift maneuverability in the heavy seas.

money he divided \$30 and \$20 instead of \$40 and \$10. This is the objection that stands in the record, but the loud whisper of history is that nobody wanted to row against the Norton's boat again.

The authorities stuck to the original rules, so Norton and his boys prepared to row the course alone. They rubbed the outside planking of their craft with black lead and let her delicately from a float into the water. Ours dipped. They were away. As the rowers warmed up, they tossed their coats and shirts into the bow; but three strokes later all these garments

for the New Bedford course, and it is unlikely that better time has ever been made for so long a distance under rugged sea conditions. There have never been any whaleboat races to amount to anything since, partly because the school of men who pulled these mighty oars either died off or forgot about whaling, and partly because nobody believed any crew could make a whaleboat go faster than De Norton and his champions did on that Fourth of July. Such was the victory, and such was the end of the great whaleboat races.

HEAVY HEARTS: HOGAN

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

SOCCER: GLOBAL OUTLOOK

Sir:

I am disappointed because you fail to recognize soccer as the world's most popular sport. How about some information on the status of college and professional soccer in the U.S. and all over the globe?

ALGERIA HUSEINOVIC

Glennville

● In virtually every nation but the U.S. the word football means not football but soccer, the world's No. 1 spectator sport. In South America, Europe and Asia, crowds of 100,000 and more are common at football games. In the U.S., however, although booming in preparatory schools and colleges, soccer has not been as important a spectator sport since the 1920s.

Last week U.S. soccer fans got reason to hope, at least, for a brighter future, with the announcement by William D. Cox that big-time professional soccer may be on its way back.

Cox, who was president of the Philadelphia Phillies in 1943 and head of the Brooklyn football Dodgers in 1945, has organized an international soccer league which will include top teams from England, Scotland, Ireland, West Germany, Sweden, Austria, Hungary, France, Italy and possibly Spain and one or two South American countries. A split season will be played at the 22,000-seat Downing Stadium on Randall's Island in New York City, with a New York entry participating in each half of the season against five foreign teams. The schedule will begin in May after the visiting teams have completed their regular schedules at home.

If the new league succeeds the time may yet come when the word soccer will truly mean what football means throughout the world.—R.D.

FITNESS: SURVIVAL WITH DIGNITY

Sir:

While the U.S.'s youth grows sicker, weaker, fatter, lazier and older the President's Youth Fitness Council discusses "Fitness for what?" (SI, Oct. 24).

What American youth needs is physical exercise to counteract the immorality that has been imposed on it to reach adulthood, and to build a body fit to live

continued

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FOOTBALL: WINDBACK

By:

Longtime Western Coach WALT A-swing he never heard of an annual winning football game. "Horse Dung!" Ryanowhowsome, that's the reason the Latham Tech is another two-pointer simply announcing of the 1927 game between Latham Tech and Antietam.

The Latham Tech team, known as the Ducks, was fighting a losing streak of 12 when it came into its homecoming against Antietam. An interposing sophomore, known as Latham Patsie, decided to take college had trained a wilder drake, called Clarence, to come forward in leading him broad, fast and brandy. It got so that old duck would waddle along the sidelines and then take off, make a swing, come back to swing Patsie on the bench and get his duck, fast and brandy. Some folks like to be the team's mascot.

Yes, this string of 16 losses has never dampened L. Clarence's lust to come to take a loss in front in the game and, of course, his team. So, losing another loss, Clarence took school got himself needed to school. In fact, he got so desperate he didn't get to the game till the last quarter when, with the score 0-3 against Latham, the Antietam, Antietam, was performing in great form and led by old Latham, fearing that the worst had befallen its mascot, had played a whole of a game-apartition.

Riding up the situation in a duck and chickadee by the take advantage of the snap of the ball Clarence took off, met the back part of it was going in a series of seriousness and scored it into the end zone, where it was caught by a Latham tackle for a touchdown and victory.

Old Clarence was never up to his usual form again, but he lives forever in the hearts of all old Lathamians.

The following year Latham Tech adapted the motto "Ever So Kind to Your Well-dressed Friends." You might call this a duck-filled platitude.

It is no hope that in the future the Tribune would add to its sports section a sports before popping off on a national scale.

GEORGE F. HARRILL

Palmville, Ohio

• We never heard of Latham Tech or Antietam, but Clarence sound to real.—ED.

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

By:

I nominate for Sportsman of the Year the individual who decided that Drury Thum and Brock Link Blanton would not offend the World Series. For sportsman's humanity, and to all sportsmen!

H. WILSON
Lima, Colorado, USAF

Thornton, Texas

BASKETBALL: EXACT MEASUREMENT

By:

ALFREDINE WILF CHAMBERLAIN MAY HAVE DECIDED TO FIRST TALK TO THE NEWS

continued



Town Squires

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BALOMATIC by Bausch & Lomb

My contention was that, inasmuch as the game had been played, it did not belong in the aggregate pool. It did not seem right that the first-money winner should also get this added amount. Actually, we settled amicably, but I wonder what would have happened if this \$5.00 had had the decimal moved over behind a few zeros?

Our interest is actually in the justice of the distribution. We thought perhaps your readers could help us.

A. RICHARD DAVIES

East Orange, N.J.

FOOTBALL: MOTHER'S MONSTER

Sir:

Your story on "Mother's Big Red Monsters" (Wednesday, World or Sport, Oct. 15) rang a bell in our household. When my son Jim, a senior at Culverly High School in Palo Alto, told me that his picture would be on the cover of the football annual, I was pleased and excited.

"It's a great picture, Mom," says he.

If there are any mothers floating around your staff office, they can imagine my reaction when I saw the great picture.



Last week I received an unexpected dividend. Jim's nomination had made his coach when he posed for a group shot, and it was my turn to enjoy his state of shock.



This is Culverly's third year in the North Peninsula Athletic League. In their first year of league play the Cougars won the title; last year they tied with Sequoia (Redwood City) for the championship; this year, to date, three wins, no losses.

MARY GUILD

Palo Alto, Calif.



character Character in a product, like character in a man, can be sensed instinctively. In these dramatic new Jockey brand sport shirts you "feel" the character immediately. You see it in the styling. You feel it in the rich masculine "hand". Shirt at left is a "Continental" style with pleated panel and "slit" look. Model at right wears a Jockey jacket-shirt in a combination of the new burnished tones. These are but two of the season's most inspired offerings in sportswear by Jockey. Whichever you choose—you'll appreciate the superior tailoring... the sheer character of Jockey sport shirts. From four dollars to twenty-two fifty.

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Pat on the Back



ALLEN B. DU MONT

'Relax and concentrate'

Allen Du Mont, founder and chairman of Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc. and the first man to put television into America's living room, is a skipper who knows no greater delight than to guide his powerboat by dead reckoning through a heavy fog in Long Island Sound. Du Mont is a devotee of predicted-log racing, a nautical exercise requiring each skipper to calculate and record the details of the race he expects to run before he even starts. He must predict the time he will pass markers moved between start and finish and must complete the course without a chronometer. This year, as three

times previously, Du Mont piloted *Harrison III*, his 34-foot Annapolis-built cruiser, to national honors for power-cruiser predicted-log tests with near-perfect accuracy. Because contesting navigators must estimate, among other variables, currents, tides, wind and the boat's increasing buoyancy as fuel weight decreases, Du Mont's achievement, compiled over a long summer's competition, is remarkable. A 58-year-old self-made electronics pioneer, Du Mont combines a fiercely inquisitive spirit with optimum caution. Predicted-log racing is clearly his sport. Says Du Mont: "I find it relaxing to concentrate."

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